

cents (30¢ in Canada)

JANUARY 1946

The American Mercury

COLONIES AND WORLD PEACE

TY YEARS AS AN AUTHOR

E STORY BEHIND THE NAZI DEFEAT

ATE PLANNING AND FREEDOM

Louis M. Hacker & Henry Steele Commager

Paul Blanshard

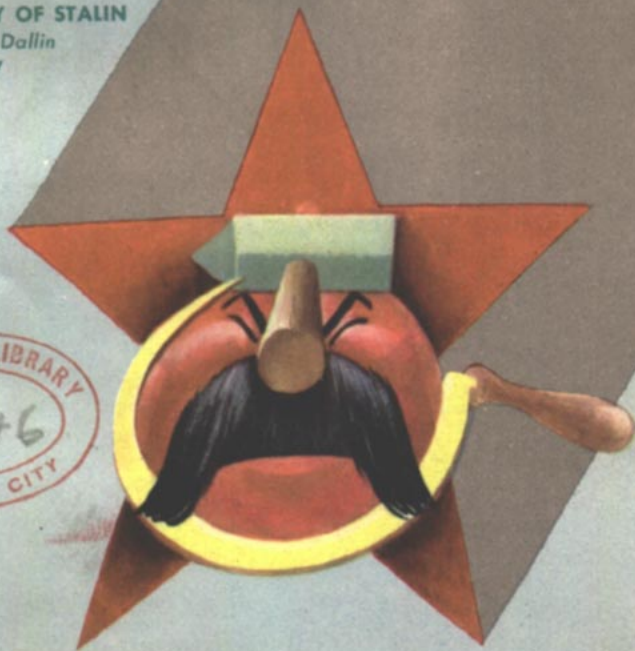
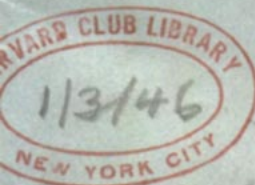
Bernard Shaw

William Bayles

E CONSISTENCY OF STALIN

by David J. Dallin

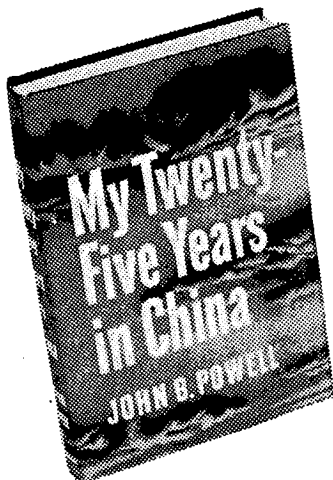
Page 7



PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

UNZ.ORG

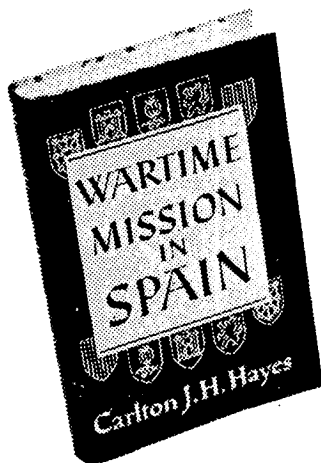
Two timely and interesting books



JOHN B. POWELL'S

long-awaited book on China

Veteran newspaperman "J. B." brings the leading figures and events of an exciting quarter-century in China vividly to life in his absorbing book. "Most timely . . . fast-moving story . . ."—*New York Sun*. "The sentences crackle with facts . . . he pulls no punches . . ."—*New York World-Telegram*. \$3.50



By the former U. S. Ambassador to Spain

CARLTON J. H. HAYES

The first fully authentic report of our policy in regard to Spain: a personal account of the Ambassador's role in ensuring Spain's neutrality and aid to the Allies. Descriptions of the country and portraits of Hayes' associates enliven this significant document. \$3.00

At all booksellers

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

*The History of America
in Thousands of Pictures*

ALBUM OF AMERICAN HISTORY

(Colonial Period)

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

Editor-in-Chief

"A magnificent picture-book of our social past. Never before has such a complete iconography of our manners and customs been assembled. The enthusiasm of anyone who opens this 'Album of American History' is guaranteed." — *N. Y. Herald Tribune*. Over 1300 pictures. \$7.50.



ALBUM OF AMERICAN HISTORY

(1783-1853)

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

Editor-in-Chief

"Unquestionably the richest collection of pictorial Americana that it is possible to get between covers at a moderate price. The pictures are wonderful. The book is one that no lover of American history, life or manners will want to be without." — *Saturday Review of Literature*. Over 1300 pictures. \$7.50.

[[For the best in history and biography buy "Lee's Lieutenants,"
by Douglas Southall Freeman, author of the Pulitzer Prize-winner,
"R. E. Lee." Complete in three volumes, each volume \$5.00.]]

at all bookstores

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

• NEW YORK

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME
LXII

TABLE OF CONTENTS

NUMBER
265

JANUARY, 1946 13131

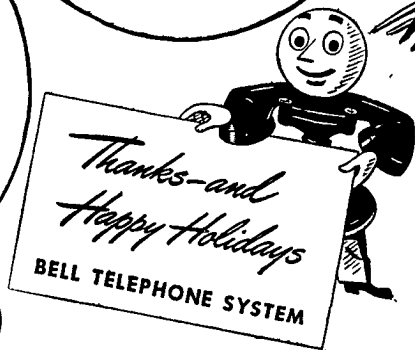
The Consistency of Stalin	David J. Dallin	7
The Myth of Educational Equality	John K. Norton	16
He Hanged Eighty-Eight Men	Owen P. White	24
Sixty Years as an Author	Bernard Shaw	32
The Big House, <i>A Story</i>	Charles Hanson Towne	37
THE THEATRE:		
<i>Clinical Dramatic Notes</i>	George Jean Nathan	45
Social Work Becomes a Profession	Robert P. Lane	49
A German Grave Digger	Saul K. Padover	55
Fragments of a War	Bernard Seeman	66
Facts About Asphyxia	Paul W. Kearney	72
DOWN TO EARTH:		
<i>Snowshoe Rabbit</i>	Alan Devoe	77
Colonies and World Peace	Paul Blanshard	82
The Story Behind the Nazi Defeat	William Bayles	89
Farming Without Soil	Ross L. Holman	96
Idaho Nocturne: 1909	James Stevens	101
POETRY:		
<i>At the Grave of Edgar Allan Poe</i>	Charles Angoff	54
<i>Winter Idyl</i>	David Morton	71
<i>Big Jen</i>	Ethel Barnett de Vico	117
THE LIBRARY:		
<i>State Planning and Freedom</i>		
A. <i>The State vs. Liberty</i>	Louis M. Hacker	106
B. <i>Democracy and Planning</i>	Henry Steele Commager	113
CHECK LIST		118
OPEN FORUM		121

COVER (Marshal Stalin) by Hirschfeld

Published monthly by The American Mercury, Inc., at 25 cents a copy. Annual subscriptions, \$3.00 in U. S. and possessions, and in the countries of the Pan American Union; \$3.50 in Canada. Foreign subscriptions, \$4.00. Publication office, Concord, N. H. Editorial and General offices, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Printed in the U. S. A. Copyright 1945 by The American Mercury, Inc. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by the Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, and all other countries

participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan-American Copyright Convention. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of subscribers' addresses. Indexed in The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature. The American Mercury, Inc., accepts no responsibility for submitted manuscripts. No article may be reprinted in whole or part without permission.

Lawrence E. Spivak, *Editor and Publisher*
Mildred Falk, *Associate Editor*; Margaret R. Weiss, *Assistant Editor*; J. W. Ferman, *Business Manager*;
Richard E. Decker, *Newsstand Manager*; Elizabeth Pinkston, *Promotion Manager*



Free
TO NEW MEMBERS

WALTER J. BLACK, PRESIDENT OF THE CLASSICS CLUB,
INVITES YOU TO ACCEPT FREE

This Beautifully Bound, Superbly Decorated Edition of

THE ILIAD OF HOMER

In the famous translation for modern readers, by Samuel Butler

FOR nearly three thousand years this majestic epic has stirred all mankind. Alexander the Great carried it into battle in a jewelled casket. Now, in this handsome library edition, it is yours *free* as a gift!

Here is a gorgeous pageant of unforgettable people, mighty adventure, and profound human wisdom. You will chuckle as the gods wrangle over the fate of Paris, abductor of irresistible Helen of Troy; despair with Achilles at Agamemnon's bickering for possession of a captive girl; weep with Hecuba for her fallen sons. You'll feel the excitement of this drama as though you were *there* — through the magic of Homer, the "blind bard," whom other writers for centuries have tried to match!

Why the Classics Club Offers You This Book Free

WILL you add this lovely volume to your home library now — as a membership gift from The CLASSICS CLUB? You are invited to join today . . . and to receive on approval beautifully bound editions of the world's greatest masterpieces, which were chosen by distinguished literary authorities.

Suppose an expert on the world's greatest reading were to visit your home. No matter how much or how little education you may have had, you would listen enthralled as your famous guest spoke glowingly of the greatest books of all time, what warm friends you can make of them, and how they

can help anyone attain a fuller, richer life.

Why Are Great Books Called "Classics"?

A true "classic" is a living book that will never grow old. For sheer fascination it can rival the most thrilling modern novel. In its vitality of inspiration it can arouse a new freshness of viewpoint and a new breadth of understanding, so necessary in times of great historical significance like these.

Perhaps you have often wondered how these truly great books "got that way." First,

Continued on next page

Continued from preceding page

because they are so readable. They would not have lived unless they were read, and they would not have been read unless they were interesting. And of course, to be interesting they had to be easy to understand. And those are the very qualities which characterize these selections: readability, interest, simplicity.

It is not necessary to have a "higher education" to appreciate these books; and, after you read and know them, you will have acquired a broader and more liberal education than most of your business and personal acquaintances. You will have lost any personal concern about an "inferiority complex" and any fear about not being the equal of others whose formal education is greater than your own.

Only Book Club of Its Kind

The Classics Club is different from all other book clubs in these three ways: 1. Its sole pur-

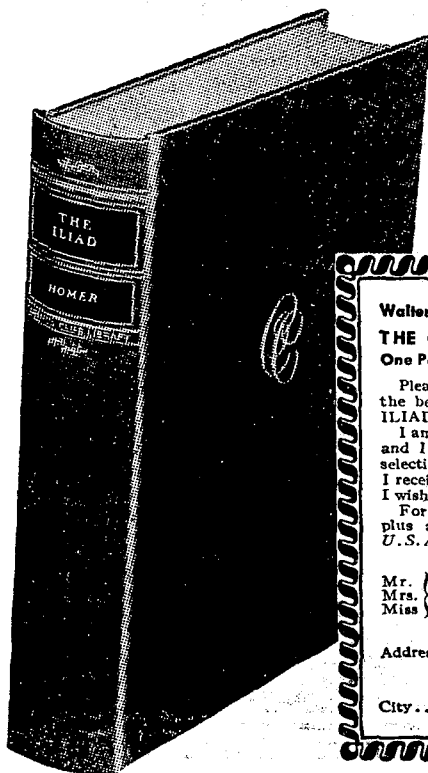
pose is to distribute to its own members the world's great classics at low prices. 2. Its members are not obligated to take any specific number of books. 3. Its volumes are luxurious De Luxe Editions — beautifully bound in fine buckram, the same material ordinarily found in \$5.00 and \$10.00 bindings. They are richly stamped in genuine gold, which will retain its original lustre, and have tinted page tops — books which you and your children will read and cherish for years.

A Trial Membership Invitation to You

You are invited to accept a Trial Membership in The Classics Club. With your first book will be sent an advance notice about future selections. You may reject any book you do not wish to own.

As a Trial Member, you need not take any specific number of books — only the ones you want. No money need be paid in advance, no membership fees. You may cancel membership at any time.

Paper, printing, binding costs are rising. Therefore, in order to assure yourself the present low price — as well as to receive your free copy of *THE ILIAD OF HOMER* — we suggest that you mail this Invitation Form to us at once. THE CLASSICS CLUB, One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.



Walter J. Black, President

JJV

THE CLASSICS CLUB

One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a Trial Member and send me, FREE, the beautiful De Luxe Classics Club Edition of *THE ILIAD OF HOMER*, together with the current selection. I am not obligated to take any specific number of books and I am to receive an advance description of future selections. Also I may reject any volume before or after I receive it, and I may cancel my membership whenever I wish.

For each volume I decide to keep I will send you \$1.89, plus a few cents mailing charges. (Books shipped in U. S. A. only.)

Mr. {
Mrs. {
Miss }

Please print plainly

Address

City

Zone No.

(if any) State



A NATION OF NATIONS

by
LOUIS ADAMIC

The colorful story of our various national groups, showing how each has helped to make our country great. A new and exciting kind of history which for the first time rounds out the story of America and brings these groups into proper focus. A NATION OF NATIONS is a book that Americans of all national, racial and religious backgrounds will be reading and referring to for decades to come.

With 16 pages of photographs

At all bookstores • \$3.50



HARPER & BROTHERS

The American MERCURY

THE CONSISTENCY OF STALIN

By DAVID J. DALLIN

RECENTLY a resourceful foreign correspondent, writing in the *Saturday Evening Post*, offered a pleasantly reassuring theory on Generalissimo Joseph Stalin's postwar intentions. The Soviet dictator, he explained, is over sixty-five — really an old man — and has achieved much in his lifetime. At such an age, men are hardly inclined to rush into new adventures, to take chances or look for trouble. It is an age for conservatism. Stalin, in short, may be expected to settle down to the quiet enjoyment of what he possesses — to live and let live.

As I read this little fairy tale, I recalled the day, or rather the night, when I met Stalin for the first time. I have observed his career very closely in the intervening twenty-eight years,

but my first impression of the man's personality has not been changed in essence and in many respects has been reinforced.

The meeting took place in November 1917, during the turbulent days of the Bolshevik seizure of power. Petrograd was seething with excitement. Armed fighting was under way between the forces of the provisional or so-called Kerensky government and the Bolshevik insurgents. The war with Germany was still going on. One division after another was deserting the government. In the hope of putting an end to chaos and growing violence, the democratic and Socialist parties proposed the formation of a Left coalition government to include members of Lenin's party.

DAVID J. DALLIN, well-known Russian author and analyst, has been writing on European affairs for more than twenty years. Among his most recent books are *The Real Soviet Russia* and *The Big Three*.

The Bolsheviks, feeling themselves at the point of victory, were not inclined to accept the proposal; but they took part in the discussions merely to gain time. Leo Kamenev, representing them at the conference of the five Left parties involved, seemed honestly interested in finding the basis for compromise and immediately reported the coalition offer to his Central Committee. At the second conference, with some twenty more or less prominent leaders of the five parties present, the proposal was repeated: creation of a coalition régime, if the Bolsheviks would immediately call off the armed uprising.

A man of about thirty-five, short, thin, with a shock of black hair, rose to announce the answer of the Bolsheviks. He was dark in complexion, distinctly unprepossessing in appearance. Though the people assembled there were all close to revolutionary politics, they did not know him. "Who is he?" I heard several of them whisper. "The chairman said something like Stalin," someone answered. "Who?" "Stalin, an envoy from Lenin."

The stranger was a poor speaker. His Russian had a strong Georgian flavor. But what he said was brief, clear, bold. The coalition with the democratic parties would be acceptable, he declared in substance, *but the armed insurrection would not be called off!* There was an outburst of indignation — why armed fighting after a compromise has been reached? Against whom would the Bolshevik insurrec-

tion be directed, if not against the partners of our coalition? Stalin shrugged his shoulders, unperturbed. We had his answer and could take it or leave it. . . .

In that brief scene, had we but known it, the future Stalin was discernible. The essential traits of his character were strikingly in evidence. The uprising was developing favorably for his party; there was real force behind him; only a few weeks were needed to achieve victory. Stalin's purpose, therefore, was to gain time by pretending to go along with the other parties; he was not in the least embarrassed by the seeming illogic of his position.

This reliance on sheer force, this use of negotiation as a maneuver, the cynical acceptance of tomorrow's deadly enemies as today's coalition partners, the single-minded drive to the goal of one-party rule, the calm contempt for other people's moral sensibilities — there we had the quintessence of Stalinism! Nothing I subsequently heard or read about the man added anything of importance to the first rough sketch of his personality in the fateful days of the revolution.

The insurrection, of course, succeeded. The party of Lenin and Trotsky for which Stalin had spoken (the name Communist was not yet official), took over by force and ended Russia's short-lived experiment in political freedom.

I was one of the few to whom Stalin's name was not totally unknown at the time. I had run across it in a

newspaper report of a Bolshevik conference held the preceding August, and it had stuck in my memory. Stalin, I had noted, was the first among the leaders of his party to proclaim the astonishing and even paradoxical idea that "backward Russia" could become the first Socialist nation in the world. Neither Lenin nor Trotsky had as yet formulated such a bold concept. Before the revolution, indeed, Lenin had written repeatedly that Russia must inevitably pass through a bourgeois capitalist stage.

Like all his comrades, Stalin believed in the imminence of social revolutions in other countries. But unlike most of them, he also believed that Socialism could first be achieved in Russia despite the country's economic and political immaturity. That idea has remained constant for nearly three decades, running like a steel thread of consistency through a political career checkered and changeful on its outside.

Soon after his party seized all power, Stalin found the opportunity to express his central idea about the importance of a strong and expanding state in Russia as the core of the hoped-for Socialist world. The program of a United States of Europe had had many adherents among Lenin's followers. Trotsky was to remain true to it even in later years. It was a concept that accepted Europe as the core of the expected Socialist society. But Stalin brushed it aside from the start, openly projecting the thought of the Russian state as the kernel of the vast

future union of Soviet Republics:

For the slogan, the United States of Europe, we will substitute the slogan: Federation of Soviet Republics of advanced countries and colonies which have fallen or will fall away from the imperialist system of economy.

Thereafter, he insisted on this view, repeating it on every opportune occasion. It became his obsession and his practical goal. Referring to the abortive Bela Kun régime in Budapest, he said, on March 10, 1921:

The example of Hungary serves as eloquent evidence that without a Union of Soviet Republics, without their merging into one military-economic force, they cannot resist. . . . The Federation of Soviet Republics is the only formula.

And when the Soviet Constitution of 1922 was being discussed, he returned to his favorite theme:

Let us hope that the new state [USSR] will mean a new decisive step toward a union of the toilers of the whole world into one global Socialist Soviet Republic. . . . The entry into the Union is free to all Socialist Soviet Republics, whether they already exist or will emerge in the future.

An expanding Socialist area, ultimately to embrace the whole globe, was what all Communists believed in. But the mental picture of Russia as the stout center to which others must be attached was distinctly Stalin's. "A Union of Republics," he said in 1923, "is the first step in the creation of the future world-wide Soviet Republic of Labor." The multi-national USSR, starting with old Russia, would snowball into a world state — but

its heart would remain in Russia, in Moscow. His was a dream of a species of "Socialist imperialism." As against the classic internationalism of the Lenins and Trotskys, Stalin held out for a Russian internationalism. He was not unaware of the paradox, just contemptuous of it.

The years passed. The unknown Lenin spokesman of 1917 became the sole master in the Kremlin. Hitler's Germany was growing stronger and caution was essential. Yet almost on the eve of the looming war, in 1936, Stalin did not hesitate to return to his beloved concept. There have been many multi-national states in history, he said in his report on the new Soviet Constitution, and they have perished. Only the Soviet State would survive, because it was set upon a Socialist foundation: "A multi-national state, if it emerges on the basis of Socialism, is able to withstand any and every trial."

Four years later, Stalin proceeded to apply his principle of the multi-national state by adding three other countries — Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania. No one in the least familiar with his consistent vision can doubt that he regards the European nations now under Soviet domination — Poland, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, Rumania, ultimately Czechoslovakia, Hungary and at least his part of Germany and Austria — as prospective members of his Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. Every step he is obliged to take, backward or forward, is but a tactical maneuver which does not — which

cannot — affect his larger purpose.

To try to understand the Russian problem by reference to Stalin's personality is hardly the best approach. But we should not console ourselves with reassuring theories. We must accept Stalin as he is — with his deep-rooted beliefs, his boldness, pertinacity and recklessness. A prognosis on Russia's future based on the fact that the average old man likes quiet and an after-dinner nap will lead us nowhere.

II

The career of Joseph Vissarionovich Djugashvili, known to history as Stalin, has been a succession of great personal victories, climaxed by victory over the German invaders. The immense world prestige rolled up by Russia is in effect Stalin's prestige. Psychologically, his successes must be for him confirmation of his fundamental ideas, programs and expectations. With every new triumph, the chances that he might change his philosophy and basic program are therefore further reduced.

What superficial observers of Soviet history fail to grasp is that while Stalin often alters his tactics and strategy — we are all familiar with startling overnight reversals in the "party line" — he remains true to his underlying aims and concepts. Through all the outward shifts he has remained steadfast as the chief representative of a revolutionary tradition. He has revised it in line with his own character and limitations. His version

of the process of social transformation is so personal that Stalinism is a better word than Communism to characterize it. But such as it is, this curious Communism is not an outer garment he could cast off even if he wished. It is flesh of his flesh and bone of his bone; he is neither willing nor able to separate himself from it.

Stalin's strength lies precisely in this unbreakable relation to the revolutionary tradition. It gives him the confidence and the ruthlessness of the man with a mission. He thinks of himself as the "instrument of history." Those raised in the spirit of his leadership know that even Stalinist acts seemingly contrary to the tradition are strategic moves: not surrenders but temporary retreats. They accept every seeming "retreat" in that sense.

To expect, therefore, that Stalin will somehow emerge as a pure old-style Russian imperialist — the new Czar of a revived nationalist state — is to expect the impossible. His propagandists have encouraged the fiction in some Russian circles abroad, but that also is revolutionary strategy. No less futile and self-deluding is the thought that Stalin may become a "democrat," a believer in the four freedoms and head of a democratized state.

Such upside-down transformations in a man at the peak of success obtained along totally different lines are psychologically impossible. If Russia should change into a democracy, or into an old-style imperialist nation, there will be no room in it for Stalin.

Revolutionary tradition, while it has been a fountainhead of strength for Stalin, has also been a source of serious error. Two mistakes deriving from the consistency of his basic political faith have been especially costly to his country and disturbing to his followers.

First, there was his reliance on the Communist doctrine that a war between capitalist nations would resolve into civil wars, producing new Soviet countries to join the USSR. Stalin not only accepted this Leninist view but preached it continuously, even in the face of evidence to the contrary. As late as 1934, while preparing to conclude an alliance with capitalist France and while entering the League of Nations, Stalin told a Congress of his party:

A war is certain to let loose the revolution and to place the very existence of capitalism in many lands in doubt, as occurred during the first imperialist war. . . . If the capitalists take the road of war, the working class of the capitalist countries . . . will take the path of revolution.

Stalin adhered to this traditional view when war swept through Europe in 1939. His policy of non-belligerence was to a great extent influenced by that doctrine. He expected the "capitalist war" to break down in social revolutionary strife, after which new Soviet republics would drop into his capacious lap.

This expectation proved mistaken. Revolutionary movements played no significant rôle in World War II. But as yet Stalin has not readjusted

his beliefs to this reality. His theories are too integral with his life to yield to mere experience.

Even more dismal, from the Communist vantage point, has been the failure of another central concept. In case of a capitalist attack on the Soviet Union, the doctrine held, the workers of the world would rally to its support. In 1934, Stalin drew a clean-lined picture of how he expected a future war against his country to develop. It would be, he said,

the most dangerous war for the capitalist classes. It will be most dangerous not only because the nations of the Soviet Union will fight to the death for the achievements of the revolution, but also because the war will be waged not only at the fronts but also in the rear of the enemy. The bourgeoisie need have no doubts that the numerous friends of the working class of the USSR in Europe and Asia will strike at the rear of the oppressor nations that have started the criminal war against the fatherland of the working class of all countries.

When Hitler attacked, in 1941, Stalin actually awaited a great pro-Soviet upsurge inside Germany. In his early war speeches he stated that Germany was "a volcano ready to erupt." This crucial doctrine failed in the first test of experience. The support did come — from capitalist governments. There was no trace of "solidarity of the workers" in the hour when it was most urgently needed.

But from this, too, Stalin has not drawn the obvious political deductions. He evades them, steers around them. Such stubbornness in adhering to concepts overwhelmingly belied by

events is beyond logic; it derives from deep-rooted faith. Given Stalin's traits of mind, hardened in three decades of struggle and two decades of dictatorial power, he is incapable of a fundamental revision of long-held beliefs. As a substitute for the missing solidarity of workers, he offers the spurious solidarity of revolutions imposed on neighboring nations by the victorious Red Army.

His relentless loyalty to ideas which to others seem to have been canceled out by history underlines Stalin's essential consistency on basic doctrine. We must not let his talent for surface adjustments and tactical reversals mislead us. Stalin remains the exponent and leader of a world revolutionary tradition with its center in the Soviet Union. He offers no real ground for the now fashionable hope that he will set up a new kind of Russia.

III

To thousands of Stalin's sincere followers in Russia, the contrast between doctrine and reality is clear enough. Let us not minimize their intelligence and their logic. The failure of many old theories is too obvious to be wished away. If there were even a small degree of freedom of press and discussion in Russia today, the doubts and confusions in the Communist ranks would surely become manifest. As it is, they are under the surface.

A sort of racial nationalism has been growing in Soviet Communist circles during the trying war years. The Ger-

man workers failed utterly to live up to the hopes vested in them; so did the Rumanian, Hungarian and Finnish workers. Even inside the USSR, the Ukrainians and Byelorussians proved less reliable than the "real" Russians, than the Great Russians whose capital is Moscow and who constitute about 50 per cent of the Soviet population. In the years of greatest danger, the régime gave full reign to the racial and nationalist feelings. In the army propaganda especially, the Russians were a race of heroes, the Germans a race of gangsters and idiots.

It is notable that Stalin personally never went too far in support of this nationalist emotion or in his criticism of Germany. Continually he emphasized the distinction between the German rulers and the German people. The writer, Ilya Ehrenburg, who made a career of anti-German writing, becoming a kind of Communist Vansittart, enjoyed his chief popularity in the army rather than in the Party.

As the danger receded and victory seemed certain, the propaganda veered away from intense nationalism. A point was reached when a true aide-de-camp of Stalin, G. Alexandrov, wrote an article repudiating the extreme views of Ehrenburg and returning to the Stalinist formula: "We do not fight the Germans because they are Germans, but because they invaded our country." The article was printed and reprinted in the Soviet press and broadcast by radio; it represented, without doubt, the Kremlin's view.

The remarkable part of it, however, and the part of greatest significance to students of Russian affairs, is that Ehrenburg continues to write despite such a powerful rebuke. Normally one would expect him to "confess" his error and disappear from the scene. His survival is clearly a concession to the nationalist tide. It amounts to recognition by Stalin that the trend is too strong to be defied at this point. He must maintain a balance between the new nationalism and the official world-revolutionary tradition. But while he takes cognizance of this nationalism and grudgingly gives it some leeway, he does not surrender to it. As far as Stalin is concerned, we may be sure, it is a *deviation* from the true faith which he will straighten out at the first opportunity, just as he tolerated other deviations while waiting for the opportune moment to strike at them with all his strength.

For the present, he is apparently fighting the trend, not in a frontal attack, but by a revived and ever louder emphasis on "Socialism" as the real reason for the Soviet victory. "The Socialist system gave our people and our army their invincibility," Stalin declared on November 6, 1944. The self-same idea is being reiterated endlessly in speeches, editorials, articles, on the air and on the screen. "The Socialist system," the *Bolshevik* wrote in its June 1944 issue, "has proved to be the best form of mobilizing the people's efforts in wartime, after it had passed the test of peacetime."

Similar quotations can be drawn

from almost any current Soviet publication. In reading the Moscow press, I am impressed by the increasing stress being placed on this point. Two years ago victories were being credited to *Russia*; today they are being credited to *Socialism*, to the Soviet system of life. In this growing emphasis one feels that the régime is engaged in a fateful polemic with the purveyors of nationalism, that it is trying to smother a patriotic mood.

IV

There are observers abroad who believe that certain military leaders — Zhukov, Malinovsky, even Voroshilov — are being kept far from Moscow to deprive the nationalist trend of effective leadership. To hold the balance against a possible military surge toward old-style nationalism, the head of the NKVD, the state political police, Lavrenti Beria, has been made a Marshal of the Army, though he has never been a military man. Hundreds of other purely Communist leaders, engaged in political rather than military tasks, have been given high Red Army and Navy titles and uniforms, presumably to dilute the nationalism in those areas.

Should the nationalist trend grow stronger and make a bid for domination, it would not be headed by Stalin. On the contrary, it would find itself in violent conflict with Stalin. His entire past, his whole mentality, make it impossible for him to blossom forth as a "Russian imperialist" in

the pre-revolutionary national sense.

His interest is not simply in expanding and strengthening Russia as ends-in-themselves, but in enlarging and fortifying the area of Soviet Socialism centered in Moscow. Outwardly the manifestations may seem the same, but its purposes and spirit are quite different. An old-style imperialist would be content to widen Russia's spheres of control, whatever the political and economic systems might be. As a world-revolutionist, Stalin aims ultimately to sovietize those spheres and to make them politically and economically consistent with the rest of the Soviet Union. In short, his imperialism is real enough, but it is of a revolutionary variety.

Nor could Stalin conceivably head a Russia reconstituted on the basis of political freedom. Should there be an evolution in that direction, it could not possibly occur under Stalin's guidance. It would have to assert itself against Stalin's complete and ruthless opposition.

As yet, there has not been the slightest relaxation in the rigid and cruel Stalinist system of power. The one-party rule is today more thorough than ever before, the grip of the secret police more universal and absolute. The latest Five Year Plan is geared, precisely like its predecessors, to heavy industry, with war industries and the construction of a navy as its most vital components. This definitely means a continued neglect of the needs of the "common man" and by the same token a continuation

of the stern police measures to enforce new sacrifices on the populace.

There is nothing in all of Stalin's life, his acts, his words, to offer any support for optimistic expectations that he could evolve into a democratic leader under popular pressure. His anti-democratic passion has probably been the strongest trait of his political physiognomy. Other Soviet leaders, including Lenin, felt it necessary to make excuses and promises when they restricted or abolished political freedoms. Not so Stalin. The democratic concepts are totally alien and incomprehensible to his mind. When he uses democratic phraseology in deference to diplomatic necessity, he is obviously speaking in a foreign tongue.

As far as he is concerned, the world is in a protracted transition period on the road to Socialism. He is a Moses leading the people out of Egyptian servitude into a Promised Land and many must die — all must suffer — before the goal is reached. This theory, earnestly held, is incompatible with ethical restraints or democratic concessions. It seems to him to justify every sacrifice involved — including death for millions, slave labor on a gigantic scale and hardships for the whole population.

To Stalin, democracy is another name for weakness and inefficiency. He couples it automatically with the adjective "degenerate." He despises

British Labor leaders and French or American Socialists more deeply than he does out-and-out capitalists. Again and again he has expressed his conviction that the "liquidation" of such people is the prerequisite for the rise of Communism.

Great events are gestating in Russia; of that there can be no doubt. No race or nation can undergo the experience of the USSR in this war — the prodigious sufferings and loss of life, the new sense of national strength, the contact with an alien civilization in conquered and liberated European countries — without being stirred to its depths. But whether the gestation will lead to some rebirth remains to be seen. The Soviet police system is incalculably larger, stronger, more efficient and more cruel than that of the Czars.

But if events in conflict with the traditional Stalinism *should* come to pass, Stalin certainly will not accommodate himself to them, simply because he cannot. He will fight them to the bitter end. There have been reports of Stalin's illness and even false rumors of his death. Whether his life will be long or short, whether he will die in the Kremlin, in prison or in exile, he will remain to the end a devoted and relentless advocate of his own version of Communism for the whole world. The quality of that Communism is open to question; his consistent adherence to it is not.



THE MYTH OF EDUCATIONAL EQUALITY

By JOHN K. NORTON

AMERICANS pride themselves on being one of the best educated peoples in the world. We enroll as many students in higher education as the rest of the world. Equal opportunity, including access for all to free education, has been one of the guiding tenets of our way of life.

The 1940 Federal census, however, listed nearly 3,000,000 adults who had never attended any school. An additional 7,000,000 reported so little schooling that we know that they are virtual illiterates. Some 5,000,000 children and youths aged five to seventeen were enumerated as not in school. Nearly 2,000,000 of these were six to fifteen — ages during which by common agreement all children should be in school.

Some 5,000,000 young men were rejected for military service during World War II because of physical, educational and mental defects — nearly one out of every three examined. Just how many of these rejections were directly or indirectly due to

denial of educational opportunity can only be conjectured. Suffice it to say that the high rate of educational deficiency has been pronounced a matter of national concern. General Lewis B. Hershey, Director of Selective Service, said in a report issued in 1942:

It would go without saying that soldiers in an army need to be able to read orders, signboards, regulations and other things the soldiers in the unit are reading generally. . . . With the great pressure on our manpower resources, it is regrettable that we lose so many physically qualified who must be rejected because of illiteracy.

How can we reconcile our pride in providing for education with the figures on school non-attendance and illiteracy? How can the United States spend more than two billion dollars a year for public schools — more than any other nation — and yet have millions of young men who sign their selective service cards with a cross rather than a signature?

One answer to these questions is given in a recently completed study

JOHN K. NORTON is chairman of the Department of Education Administration at Teachers College, Columbia University. He has been president of the American Education Research Association, chairman of the National Conference on Financing of Education and the Committee on Education and Government of the American Council on Education, and director of research for NEA. Formerly editor of Research Bulletin, he is a frequent contributor to educational publications and the author of *Wealth, Children and Education*.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of financial provision for education in the United States. Facts were collected from each of the 115,000 school systems of the country on two basic items: the number of children to be educated in the community and the amount of money available annually with which to pay for their schooling. The findings of this nationwide inquiry are given in detail in a two-volume report, *An Inventory of Public School Expenditures in the United States*, published by the American Council on Education, Washington, D. C. Figures were collected for 1939-40, a typical prewar year.

The study reveals shocking variations in the level of school support in the United States. Some school systems have less than \$100 a year for each classroom group of thirty children; others expend more than \$6,000 a year for a unit of the same number. This represents a disparity of 60 to 1 in educational opportunity in so far as financial support determines.

More differences in expenditure, however, need not be deplored. Uniformity in education is not desirable, even in costs. The important question is: when does inadequacy of support begin to result in inadequacy of educational opportunity? Sufficient evidence is available to permit construction of a scale of the approximate relation of school expenditure to amount and quality of schooling provided.

A survey in one urban area showed that school systems costing less than \$3,000 a year per classroom tended to confine their programs largely to drill

in the three R's, memorization of facts and uninspired routine teaching. Schools costing more than \$3,000 did a superior job of teaching facts and the three R's, and also taught children to think, provided for character and health education and otherwise offered a well-rounded school program of high quality. The school systems costing \$3,000 and above per classroom a year not only had superior teachers and excellent equipment, but also generally offered a variety of school experiences that intelligent parents would call high-class education.

The average yearly expenditure per classroom unit of thirty pupils of the United States in 1939-40 was \$1,650. Available evidence indicates that school systems maintained at this level provide a rather routine, drill type of schooling which only scantily prepares for effective individual and group living. Schools costing around \$1,650 per classroom get mediocre teachers at mediocre salaries and are inadequately supplied with books and instructional equipment.

School systems which cost an annual \$1,000 and less per classroom hardly support the boast that America is a land of equal opportunity. These miserable schools generally employ poorly qualified and poorly paid teachers, who do uninspired teaching in unattractive if not unhealthy classrooms, with few books and little or no instructional equipment, and seldom provide essential auxiliary facilities such as health service. Such schools often are open only a few

months each year. Furthermore, it is in these communities that are found most of the millions of children of school age who are not in school at all.

Generally speaking, it seems safe to say that children in classrooms which cost \$3,000 or more a year have an excellent chance of getting a first-rate education; those in classrooms costing around \$1,650 get only from fair to poor schooling; those in schools costing less than \$1,000 a year per classroom receive a shamefully inadequate schooling.

II

Out of 22,042,151 school children, some 3,924,508 or 17 per cent are in classrooms which cost over \$3,000 a year. Of this number, well over a million attend classrooms costing \$4,000 or more. Nearly 20,000 attend school systems costing \$6,000 or more per classroom unit! Here are the favored few who as a group get the best schooling found anywhere in the world.

At the other extreme are 4,837,332 children, or almost 25 per cent, in schools costing less than \$1,000. Of these, 1,175,996 are in \$500 classrooms or worse. More than 38,000 are in school systems actually costing less than \$100 a year per classroom unit.

The level of financial support for education differs markedly in different states. The average or median expenditure per classroom per year is above \$3,000 in three states, and \$700 or below in four states. The top state is

New York at \$4,100, which is also the median for New York City comprising more than half the children of the state. New York State, excluding New York City, expends about \$3,000. The lowest state median is Mississippi, at \$400.

Figures for all states are given in the accompanying table. In interpreting these figures, it should be remembered that in each state about half the children attend classrooms costing less, and half attend classrooms costing more than the average given.

The figures headed "lowest 10 per cent" in the table indicate that 10 per cent of the classroom units of the state were costing *less than the amount given*. For example, the average or median expenditure per classroom per year in California in 1940 was \$3,500; in Alabama, it was \$700. Ten per cent of the classroom units of California cost less than \$2,052; 10 per cent of the classroom units of Alabama cost less than \$240.

Lower school expenditures in some communities than in others are doubtless justified since the dollar buys more in some areas than in others. But how much lower? In answering this question imagine yourself to be a school-board member with thirty children to educate for a year. A teacher would have to be hired for the school year and library books and instructional supplies purchased. The schoolroom would have to be heated, cleaned and kept in repair. Attendance and health services as well as the pro-rata cost of supervisory officers would

THE MYTH OF EDUCATIONAL EQUALITY

19

YEARLY EXPENDITURES PER CLASSROOM UNIT

<i>State</i>	<i>Average (Median)</i>	<i>Lowest 10 per cent</i>
New York	\$4,100	\$2,219
California	3,500	2,052
New Jersey	3,200	2,148
Connecticut	2,500	1,803
Massachusetts	2,400	1,896
Rhode Island	2,300	1,865
Nevada	2,300	1,337
Delaware	2,200	1,621
Washington	2,200	1,732
Illinois	2,200	910
Arizona	2,100	1,892
Michigan	2,100	1,002
Pennsylvania	2,000	1,056
Ohio	2,000	1,394
Wisconsin	1,900	968
Oregon	1,800	1,064
Wyoming	1,800	984
New Hampshire	1,700	1,341
Indiana	1,700	1,181
Minnesota	1,700	796
Montana	1,700	823
Colorado	1,700	894
Utah	1,700	1,413
Maryland	1,500	1,375
Kansas	1,500	595
Iowa	1,500	703
New Mexico	1,500	885
Idaho	1,400	1,051
Vermont	1,300	916
Texas	1,300	769
West Virginia	1,300	1,138
Nebraska	1,300	586
Florida	1,200	560
Louisiana	1,200	291
Missouri	1,200	746
Oklahoma	1,200	927
Maine	1,200	789
South Dakota	1,100	654
South Carolina	1,000	341
North Dakota	900	567
North Carolina	900	564
Virginia	800	453
Georgia	800	252
Tennessee	800	613
Alabama	700	240
Kentucky	700	533
Arkansas	500	228
Mississippi	400	111

need to be provided for. How much would you need to purchase the services and materials requisite to the schooling of the thirty children for a year? Would \$100, \$500, \$1,000 or even \$1,500 be enough? Yet millions of children attend schools financed at these starvation levels.

Obviously such schools must employ all kinds of subterfuges: They employ poorly prepared teachers. They maintain short school terms; even if a child attends school every day over a period of six to eight years, he may get only the equivalent of a normal three or four years of schooling. Essential books and other instructional supplies are meager or non-existent; oversized classes preclude adequate attention to the individual child. The educational program is limited to sterile drill in the three R's. Vocational education, health education, and educational and vocational guidance, attendance service and similar essentials of a modern school program are non-existent. Most important, poor schools do little to teach children to think, to use leisure time wisely, to develop a sense of social responsibility — most valuable products of first-rate education.

III

A highly disproportionate percentage of illiterates is found in regions with poorly financed schools. The percentages of adults, for example, with so little schooling as to be virtually illiterate, in the three states expending

least per classroom for education, are: Mississippi, 30; Arkansas, 23; and Alabama, 29. The corresponding percentage for the entire United States is 14. Furthermore, most of the illiterates in the states expending little for schools are native-born, while nearly all the illiteracy in states with well-supported schools is imported via immigration.

The disparities between the states as to expenditures for the education of children in school is matched by the proportions of children not in school. The 1940 Federal census reveals that in the ten top states in financial support of education, only one child in ten aged five to seventeen is not in school; while in the ten states at the bottom in expenditures per classroom, one child in four aged five to seventeen is not in school.

High rates of illiteracy and non-school attendance are obvious indications of low educational status. Many studies further demonstrate that the states spending least for education are low or nearly every test of cultural status which has been applied.

What kind of education should be provided in the slum areas of American public education? These communities are generally marked by cultural lag. The typical citizen has low earning power. He has had no vocational training. His home is a hovel, without running water or a bathtub. Few books, magazines or newspapers ever reach his home, and the radio is still a mystery to him. The family is poorly nourished as far as

quality of food and balanced diet are concerned. Modern standards of sanitation and health and medical service are unknown. He is ill-prepared for the complex duties of modern citizenship; he usually doesn't even vote.

Should children in communities composed largely of such citizens have schools which at best merely keep things from getting any worse? Or, should they have schools which will produce better educated citizens with a potentially greater earning power and greater purchasing power? Should excellent books be generously provided in its schools? Should health education be a matter of major concern? Should the schoolrooms be clean and attractively decorated? Should first-rate teachers be employed? Should a full school term be maintained and compulsory attendance laws enforced? Should education for citizenship be emphasized?

Why do the states and communities with poorly supported schools not provide for their adequate financing? The answer is suggested by an analysis of the situation in Mississippi, which expends less per classroom for education than any other state. In 1940 Mississippi paid \$12,000,000 for its schools — an average of \$400 per classroom unit. It would have cost this state an additional \$23,000,000 to have established a \$1,650 minimum in all districts — the average for the nation. This would have required a tripling of its taxes for education. Why does Mississippi not do this? Because it is already taxing itself heav-

ily to provide \$400 per classroom. Its tax effort — as measured by ratio of money raised for education to total income of its people — was 33 per cent above that of the country as a whole. It was 31 per cent greater than that of New York and 30 per cent greater than that of California. To triple educational costs in Mississippi would be equivalent to confiscation of property.

This illustration is typical. The ten states at the bottom in expenditures for schools as a group make 15 per cent greater tax effort for education than the ten which expend most for education. The higher taxes paid by the poorer states for the support of education raise inadequate amounts because they are levied against a low tax base. States such as New York, California and New Jersey, with incomes in 1940 well over \$800 per capita, can afford well-supported schools on relatively low tax rates. States like Mississippi, Arkansas and Alabama, with yearly per capita incomes of only \$195, \$253 and \$264, respectively, can raise only meager sums for schools even though relatively high tax rates are levied.

The problem of the states which spend least per classroom for their schools is further complicated by their higher proportions of children. Mississippi and Arkansas, for example, respectively, have 282 and 272 children aged 5 to 17 per 1,000 population; the corresponding numbers of children in New York and California are 193 and 178. In the ten states expending

least per classroom for education the ratio of school age children to population is 21 per cent above the national average. In the ten states spending most for education, the ratio of children to population is 13 per cent below the national average.

IV

The situation may be briefly summarized. Some areas of the nation are rich in number of children, but poor in amount of wealth and income. Even though they levy relatively high taxes, they raise inadequate amounts for education. Other areas are rich in income, but poor in number of children. They can afford good schools on below-par tax rates.

Because of the conditions which have been described, equality of educational opportunity is a myth in the United States. Children in the economically poorer states not only attend schools financed at poverty levels, but also have a much greater chance of not being in school at all. Furthermore, in the poorer states the job of lifting the financial support of schools to some respectable minimum is difficult if not fiscally impossible, merely taking account of children already in school. This situation will continue indefinitely if present policies for the financing of public education are not amended.

We now have answers to questions raised at the outset of this article. Why does a nation boasting of well-supported schools, with many col-

lege students, and espousing the ideal of equal opportunity, have millions of illiterates and educational deficients? The answer is that education is not evenly financed throughout the United States. It is well-financed only in some states and communities. In other states — in tens of thousands of local communities — the level at which education is financed is a disgrace. Millions of children are in schools that do not deserve the name. Other millions do not go to school at all — or at best attend a few uncertain months for a brief period of years.

Our free public school system was created as a means of preparing the people of the United States for the difficult duties of democratic citizenship. It was also to serve as a solvent of the artificial class distinctions which had been the curse of European culture from which we came.

In some areas, American public education has performed its historic functions, if not perfectly, at least with large success. In other areas, it is failing to accomplish its indispensable purposes. This dangerous situation results from the fact that educational opportunity is dependent upon chance factors. If a child is born in a rich community and if the cultural status of his parents is high, he is almost certain to receive a first-rate education. If he is born in a community where economic resources are meager and family culture is at a low ebb, he has a poor chance of obtaining a decent schooling.

What should be done to correct

the shocking situation which has been described? First, we must recognize that the social liabilities which flow from an inequality and denial of educational opportunity are so great that they can no longer be tolerated. Such opportunity should cease to be dependent upon such factors as the economic and cultural status of the community and family in which a child lives. It should depend entirely upon the child's willingness and capacity to learn. Anything less makes education a creator of artificial and unfair class lines rather than an instrument of equality.

Second, we must recognize this problem as one of national significance. Ignorance cannot be quarantined. High mobility of population spreads the virus of educational deficiency throughout the land. If some American children are denied a good education, we all suffer. We all benefit from high levels of educational attainment.

Third, we must face the fact that the fiscal aspects of this problem cannot be solved solely with local and state resources. Federal funds to establish a decent minimum of school

support in every state are essential if this problem is to be dealt with realistically. Otherwise, millions of children in each generation will continue to be denied educational opportunity — the birthright of every American child.

Fourth, we must not be deflected from doing our national duty in this respect by such shibboleths as "Federal aid will inevitably bring Federal control of education," or "Federal aid is an invasion of state rights in education."

Fifth, we must use methods of distributing Federal aid that get the desired result — a floor under American educational support, but no central control over the processes of education. We know how to do this. Witness state-controlled Land-Grant colleges in every state. Federally supported, they have accomplished a remarkable job of agricultural education and research without Federal domination since their establishment by the Federal government in 1862.

The principles and procedures of Federal-state relations in education are now sufficiently clear. Action to this end, which is clearly in the national interest, is now long overdue.



THE great law of culture is: let each become all that he was created capable of being; expand, if possible, to his full growth; resisting all impediments, casting off all foreign, especially all noxious adhesions, and show himself at length in his own shape and stature, be these what they may.

— THOMAS CARLYLE

HE HANGED EIGHTY-EIGHT MEN

By OWEN P. WHITE

ISAAC C. PARKER was a badly wanted man. He was wanted in Utah, Missouri and Arkansas; in 1875 Arkansas got him. It should have, for it needed him. When President Grant appointed him to the Federal bench for the Western District of that state, he automatically became: (1) the youngest Federal judge in the country — he was only thirty-seven; (2) the biggest — he weighed 265 pounds; (3) the most powerful — from his decisions, even in capital cases, there was no appeal to any other higher tribunal on this earth; (4) the busiest — he tried more than 13,000 criminals (of whom more than 9,000 were convicted) with eighty-eight of them, in the quaint vernacular of Fort Smith, being “jerked to Jesus” on a huge gallows visible from the courtroom windows.

Obviously the Western District of Arkansas, the largest judicial district in the United States, was tough country. In addition to western Arkansas, it comprised all of what is now the dry and pious state of Oklahoma, but

was then the Indian Territory which incubated so many criminals.

Within the Territory, under their treaty with Uncle Sam, the Indians administered their own laws in their own tribal courts. But there was a catch to this. The Indian courts had no jurisdiction in cases involving whites or Negroes. They could try Indians for crimes committed against other Indians but not for crimes against whites or blacks; nor, of course, could they try white or black men for crimes of any kind whatsoever. Thus, unless the Federal judge in Fort Smith could get his hands on him, any white or black man anywhere in the Indian Territory could commit a crime and be immune to punishment. So could an Indian, provided that his crime was against some one not of his own race.

Consequently into the Territory — a vast wilderness half again as large as New York State, across which gun-totin', whiskey-lappin' Texans were then driving huge herds of long horn cattle and wild horses — there drifted

OWEN P. WHITE, well-known historian of the frontier West, has had a varied career as rancher, farmer, merchant, sergeant, columnist, poet and editor. He is the author of eight books, including *A Frontier Mother*, *My Texas*, *'Tis of Thee*, *Autobiography of a Durable Sinner* and, most recently, *Texas, An Informal Biography*.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thousands of uninhibited men to whom immunity to punishment was an irresistible attraction. Among these "criminal intruders" in 1874 — both as a specimen of what they were like and an illustration of how the immunity system worked — came three men. One was a white man named Stephens, an able Texas horse-thief, who, accompanied by a pretty sixteen-year-old girl, set up professional headquarters in the fastnesses of the Arbuckle Hills. The other two, horse-thieves who settled near Stephens in the Arbuckle Hills, were Negroes, named Martin Joseph and William Loftus. From this proximity an inevitable result developed. Lusting for the white gal, and knowing that they could not be tried in the Territorial courts if they ravished her, the two black men went out and did it. That they had to kill Stephens first was a mere detail. They clubbed him and heaved his corpse into the brush by the roadside; then, after having raped the girl, they killed her also and threw her body down into a deep hole in the rocks. And that would have ended the story, had not Loftus, in a moment of alcoholic boastfulness, bragged to his friends about the delightful experience he and Martin Joseph had had with the Stephens woman. In Joseph's opinion this was bad; his pardner was talking too much. To shut his big mouth for him, he shot and killed him. And that did end it. At any rate, it ended it for nine years, during which time Martin Joseph, with three murders and the raping of

a white girl to his credit, went about his business of horse-stealing unmolested by the Territorial authorities and convinced that no other authority could ever catch up with him.

Throughout the Territory hundreds of other men whose records were equally as brilliant as Martin Joseph's felt exactly as he did about it — one and all actually believing themselves immune to punishment. From this it followed that in February 1875, when Judge Isaac Parker reached Fort Smith and took one long, startled look at the wickedness of his new jurisdiction, he at once went to work — and worked fast. To begin with, he swore in 200 deputies, known later as "The Men Who Rode For Parker," sixty-five of whom were killed in his service. To have the right facilities at hand for the wholesale administration of justice, he had a new gallows built, with a 12 x 12 cross-beam long enough and strong enough to accommodate twelve "customers" at one drop.

II

"Order in the Court!" For the first time in their intoxicated careers the tipsy criminal lawyers of Fort Smith, along with their array of clients made up of murderers, rapists, robbers and horse-thieves, obeyed that command. They couldn't help it. A man as big as Judge Isaac Parker — whose hair and whiskers were already white, whose eyes were a cold, steely blue, and whose voice could be either as gentle as a child's or as space-filling as a

steamboat whistle — could not possibly have been created in vain. He at once proved it.

Parker opened the first term of his court, held on the floor above a saloon known as "The Hole in the Wall," on May 10, 1875. On June 26, just forty-seven days later, after having tried ninety-one criminal cases, sent sixty-one men to the pen and acquitted twenty-four, he summoned the remaining six defendants, whose cases had also been tried, and told them that as the reward for their sins they were all to die on the new gallows on September 3.

They all died there, at the same instant: three white men, two Indians and a Negro. Evans, a white man, had killed an eighteen-year-old boy merely because he wanted his boots. Evans got them and wore them for the rest of his life; he was hanged in them. James Moore, white, a horse-thief, went through the drop for having killed one of Parker's men who, after a horseback chase of 200 miles, was trying to arrest him. James Whittington, also white, died for the murder of a passing stranger who might possibly, he thought, have a few dollars in his pocket. But he didn't, and Whittington, as he gloomily averred, got hung for nothing.

Edmund Campbell, the only Negro in this group, was executed for having called on a neighbor, Lawson Ross, and axed to death both Ross and a young girl who was in the house with him. He didn't know just why he had done this, he said, but the girl knew

and so he had had to kill her also.

The two Indians, Samuel Fooy and Smoky Man-killer, both Cherokees, were hanged for having murdered white men — a crime for which they could not have been tried in their own tribal court. Fooy's victim was a young, barefoot school teacher who stopped over for the night at the home of the Indian. His month's pay in his pocket cost him his life. Fooy killed him to get it, and two years later, after Judge Parker got hold of him, it cost him his also. Smoky Man-killer's crime was an even cheaper one. Meeting a man on the road who was carrying a shot-gun, Smoky borrowed the weapon and killed its owner with it, boasting loudly to everybody about the cunning way in which he had acquired it.

And so it went. On February 5, 1876, at the end of his second court term, after sending another large group of lesser criminals to prison, Judge Parker sentenced another group of a half-dozen men to the gallows. This was speedy, spectacular justice, but could it be kept up? With the Territory to draw from, it could. On the average, Judge Parker's hangman, George Maledon, strung up a little better than four men for every year of the Judge's official life. But at what a fearful cost! For every four utterly worthless scoundrels that Maledon hanged, three of "The Men Who Rode For Parker" were killed in the discharge of their duty. In every recorded instance they died gallantly; sixty-five of them fell in gun-battles

with outlaws. But in every case, as each man went down, there was always a live comrade behind him ready to take up the chase, capture the murderer and deliver him to Parker.

Why, though, were "The Men Who Rode For Parker" so high-spirited? The answer is easy: they knew their Judge. Nothing so dampens the ardor of police officers as to have criminals for whose arrest they have risked their lives walk out of courtrooms unwhipped by justice. Parker's deputies had nothing like that to fear. They took desperate chances because they knew that their prisoners would be promptly tried and, if guilty, promptly punished.

Their confidence was justified. In twenty-one years no man ever walked out of Parker's court a free man because of a technicality in the law. To Judge Isaac Parker there were no technicalities in the criminal law; a man was either guilty or not guilty, and on that simple basis, plus his maxim "to delay justice is to defeat it," he administered more of it more speedily than any other judge in the history of this country.

Furthermore, his deputies, inspired by his zeal, helped him materially in his great work of purifying the Territory, saving the taxpayers a lot of money by shooting many outlaws upon arrest, without bothering to take them all the way back to Fort Smith. As an example take the case of Jim Reed.

Mr. Reed, who incidentally was the current husband of Belle Starr,

America's most famous lady wild-cat, accompanied by two other cut-throats, paid a midnight call on an old rancher named Grayson who had just sold a bunch of cattle and was known to have a large roll of cash somewhere on his premises. When asked to divulge the location of the money, the old man refused. "Let's hang him," said Mr. Reed. It was forthwith done. Pitching a rope over a ceiling beam, the trio "histed" Grayson three times, and then, as he was still stubborn, Jim Reed had another idea. "Let's hang the old woman," he suggested. They did that, too, but in her case one "histin'" was enough. With tears in his eyes, the old man told where his money was hidden; it amounted to about \$20,000. Belle Starr got most of it and enjoyed it; all that Jim Reed got out of it was a final bullet. One of Parker's men got on his trail, followed it for weeks, and when he at last caught up with him he took no chances; he gave him the works first and then served the papers on him. It was the easiest and cheapest way. Trials were expensive; it was 500 miles on horseback to Fort Smith, and one .45 cartridge promptly ended the case.

Many, many cases were ended that way, although, of course, many were not. Martin Joseph's wasn't. In 1883, nine years after the raping of Mrs. Stephens and the murder of her husband and his own pardner, Martin Joseph was still strutting around in the Arbuckle Hills when three of Parker's men swooped down on him.

There was no shooting; the man was easily taken, but where were the bodies of his victims, which had to be found before he could be convicted of murder? Stephens' skeleton was easily located, but his wife's might never have been if the keen-eyed deputies had failed to notice some fragments of cloth which, defying the elements throughout the years, still hung in the brush at the mouth of the hole in the rocks. That, then, must be the place; the girl's body must have been thrown into that pit. Looped in a bosun's seat and equipped with a lantern and a gunny-sack, one of the men was lowered into it. He hit bottom and let out a whoop. "My God," he yelled, "this damn place is full of rattle snakes." With the heads of a hundred vipers sticking out of cracks in the rocks, their eyes gleaming in the light and their tongues lashing at him, this "Man Who Rode For Parker" went right on with his job of scooping up the remnants of Mrs. Stephens and stuffing them in his gunny-sack. He got them all, and then, before calling to his companions to yank him out, he stuck his gun-muzzle up against the head of the largest snake in sight, pulled the trigger and brought the dead reptile to the top with him.

"Ain't he a beaut?" he said. "Six foot long and look at them rattles, fourteen and a button; sure will make up into a pretty tie-pin, won't it?"

"But warn't you afraid of them snakes, Tom?" asked one of his partners.

"Hell, no. Damn things are all dor-

mant, I reckon, and couldn't bite you if they wanted to."

Judge Parker's court, though, was not dormant. For crimes committed nine years before, Martin Joseph was tried in April, sentenced in May and executed in June. He was the thirty-eighth man hanged on the big gallows.

III

Of the fifty more who were to follow Joseph, it is clear that the stories of only a few can be told here.

Amos and Abner Manley, Creek Indians aged seventeen and nineteen, stopped one night at the home of Ellis McVey, a white man, and asked permission to spend the night there. It was granted them as it had also been to a young fellow named Burnet who, was already asleep over in a corner. At three in the morning, McVey got up, put some wood on the fire and sat in front of it. The Indians also arose, stood at the hearth, smoked their host's pipe, passing it between them, and began to talk about how they could get at his wife who was asleep in another room. Suddenly they both drew pistols and fired. McVey died instantly; Burnet, at whom they also shot, was only wounded. One of the young fiends swung at him with a double-bitted axe, inflicting a terrible gash in his neck and lopping off his right hand which flew clear across the room and landed on the floor under a table. Aroused by the uproar, Mrs. McVey fled with her two children to the home of a neighbor a quarter of a

mile distant. Young Burnet, bleeding copiously, soon followed her. He said the first he knew of his hand being gone was when he reached for his Winchester and the bloody stump came in contact with the weapon. For this hellish deed the Manley brothers were quickly punished. They were soon caught and taken before Judge Parker who lost no time in telling them that they were to be hanged along with George Padgett, William Brown and Patrick McGowan who had been found guilty of the murders, respectively, of W. H. Stevens, Ralph Tate and Sam Latta.

For two reasons — first, because he was rated the wickedest outlaw in the Territory, and second, because when he was tried the law had been changed so that appeals could be taken from Parker's court to the Supreme Court of the United States — we will now jump ahead to 1894, the year in which Cherokee Bill, in the presence of a vast mob of cheering, happy spectators, was hanged on the Fort Smith gibbet.

Cherokee's real name was Crawford Goldsby, but as to his nationality there can be no such certainty. His father was part white, part Mexican and part Sioux, while his mother, who was on hand to witness his hanging, was part white, part Negro and part Choctaw. From this combination something violent was almost certain to emerge and it certainly did. When Cherokee was only nineteen, Parker's deputies, who considered him the most dangerous man on their list,

were already looking for him with indictments covering one assault with intent to kill, two murders and three train hold-ups plus the robbery of six stores, one express office and one post office.

Because of the multiplicity of his crimes, all committed in one year, Cherokee had had quite a heavy price put on his head. Since anyone who knew him could have turned him in and collected on him, his circle of friends was perforce limited to a pair of pals who were in his same fix and to his girl in whom he had utter confidence. He was also up against it in another respect. At the Agency he had quite a sum in tribal money coming to him, but had not dared to go to collect it for fear he would be nabbed by Parker's men at the pay-table. He therefore sent his girl after it. She got it and brought it back, but had been trailed by the officers who came right in, almost on top of her, spitting lead. Cherokee and his pals spit back, downed two officers, got clearly away and after that, with another thousand dollars added to his value either dead or alive, Cherokee was not heard from for more than two months. At the end of that time, he appeared in broad daylight in the town of Lenapah and robbed a store. As he was leaving it, he shot through a window and killed a paper-hanger who was at work in a house next door.

Another month passed and again not a word from Cherokee until one morning two men, Scales and Rogers, drove into Nowata in a wagon and

made inquiries about some of Parker's men who had headquarters there. They found them and into their hands they delivered their very valuable cargo: Cherokee Bill, all nicely hog-tied and trussed up. He was mad and he had a right to be. His girl had betrayed him by going to him in his hide-out and telling him that it would be perfectly safe to spend the night with her at the home of Scales and Rogers, who were her friends and his also. That night while Cherokee's brain was "fogged with passion," Mr. Scales stepped in, hit him over the head with a piece of stove wood and tied him up.

Tried in Judge Parker's court for the murder of the paper-hanger, Cherokee was found guilty and sentenced to hang on June 25. He grinned at the verdict; he had plenty of bloody money and there were plenty of criminal lawyers eager to share it with him. His case was appealed to the United States Supreme Court. The day set for the execution arrived and, as the Supreme Court had not yet been heard from, Judge Parker was forced to grant a stay. Cherokee made good use of it by securing a six-shooter and, on July 26, in an unsuccessful attempt to escape, he shot down Larry Keating, a fine officer and a brave man.

When this happened, Judge Parker, who rightly attributed Keating's death to the dilatory tactics of the Supreme Court, let fly with both barrels at that high and mighty tribunal of the Federal judiciary.

Its august judges, he said in substance in a statement to the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, know practically nothing about the administration of the criminal law. They never see a criminal on trial, and in their decisions, always based upon flimsy technicalities, they never touch upon the real merits of a case. The trial courts, with defendants and witnesses before them, touch upon nothing else and their verdicts, arrived at by honest jurors directed by honest judges, should not be subject to reversal by the Supreme Court's cloistered tribunal.

Having thus freed his mind regarding the Supreme Court, Judge Parker, on August 5, convened his court for its regular summer term. He had a heavy docket. In addition to 156 minor criminals, twenty-four men charged with murder, two with manslaughter and twenty-two with assault to kill were listed for trial. But they could all wait; Cherokee came first. Impaneling a grand jury, Parker instructed it forthwith to indict him for the murder of Larry Keating. It did so, in just forty minutes, and in another twenty Cherokee himself was in court and on trial. Again he was convicted, again sentenced to die on September 10 -- and again he grinned. The Supreme Court was still in Washington, and lawyers willing to accept slimy cash were still available. Again he appealed, thereby managing to prolong his worthless life for another six months. Finally the end came. In March 1896, the cloistered judges at last affirmed the verdict against Cher-

okee for the murder of the paper-hanger, and so for this one crime he paid his penalty on March 17 for all of them.

IV

On August 5, 1895, there was much excitement in the town of Okmulgee. Somewhere in the vicinity a fine gun-battle was going on between Parker's men and the Buck gang made up of Rufus Buck, Lewis Davis, Luckey Davis, Sam Thompson and Maomi July. The shooting continued for twenty-four hours until the Buck faction ran out of ammunition. The officers charged in, captured their men, draped them in chains and started with them to Fort Smith. It is a remarkable tribute to Judge Parker that those prisoners got there without being lynched. The Judge himself explained this by saying that in his court punishment was swift and sure, and the people knew it.

They started out on a pleasant Sunday morning by killing a deputy marshal in Okmulgee; in the afternoon they met a Mrs. Wilson driving along the road with her fourteen-year-old son, dragged her from her wagon, stripped and brutally assaulted her. Two days later, they went to the home of a man named Hassan and forced Mrs. Hassan to prepare a meal for them. Having tied her husband securely to a tree where he could be a witness to all that happened, they gave Mrs. Hassan the same brutal treatment as Mrs. Wilson had re-

ceived. Continuing along their road to the gallows, they robbed a man named Shafey of all he had and refrained from killing him only because three of the gang voted against it. They next called on a Mr. Callahan, robbed him, branded him for life by shooting his ear off, and, for no reason at all, killed a fifteen-year-old boy who happened to be loitering nearby.

In Parker's court these five brutes went the shortest possible route. They were tried, convicted and sentenced at high speed, and thereafter, probably because the judges in Washington did not care for another outpouring of judicial wrath in Fort Smith, the verdict was quickly affirmed by the Supreme Court.

The execution of the Buck gang brought the total number of Fort Smith hangings up to eighty-seven. Only one more murderer, James Casharago, who killed his own uncle because he wanted his wagon, remains to be accounted for. As its last victim, he died on the big gallows on July 20, 1896. Only two months later, by legislative enactment, the Federal Court for the Western District of Arkansas which had been ruled over by Isaac C. Parker for twenty-one years went out of existence. Judge Parker soon followed it. His court was abolished in September, and he died in November at the age of fifty-eight.

In *Greenleaf on Evidence*, volume 1, page 69, Isaac C. Parker is referred to as "one of the greatest of all American trial judges." Fearless, honest and just, he deserved the title.

SIXTY YEARS AS AN AUTHOR

By BERNARD SHAW

I FINISHED my first book sixty-six years ago. I offered it to every publisher on the English-speaking earth I had ever heard of. Their refusals were unanimous: and it did not get into print until, fifty years later, publishers would publish anything that had my name to it.

It was a novel. Everybody wrote novels then: lucrative literature meant novels and nothing else. Drama, economics and philosophy were unsalable. William Morris made £100 a year as a poet. Browning, assessed at that figure (at a guess) by the Inland Revenue, left the country. Samuel Butler had to publish at his own expense. Ruskin did the same through a country bookseller, now grown on that foundation into a leading London house. Doughty could hardly get published at all. Publishers and authors lived by novels, novels, novels; and the intellectual heads of the novel-writing profession were George Meredith and George Eliot. When Bryce was over eighty, I heard him declare publicly that Tolstoy was "second

only to George Eliot." Today I must inform the grandchildren of my contemporaries that George Eliot was a woman. But in those days if you were an advanced intellectual, you read her masterpiece, *Middlemarch*, or Meredith's *Diana of the Crossways*, for five years' copyright of which he got £500. If you had no such pretensions, you read Miss Braddon's *Lady Audley's Secret*. Miss Braddon, a very popular romancer, was what we now call a lowbrow; but that epithet had not then been invented. Her style would overawe us now as classical.

The novels were published in three volumes costing ten shillings each, so that Mudie's lending library, at which your subscription entitled you to three volumes at a time, could put you off with one book in three separate covers; and three of your family could read it simultaneously. I never met nor heard of any private reader who bought the book at this price: the edition was for Mudie, who had no such competitors as the *Times*

BERNARD SHAW is the world-famous dramatist, critic and author. Among his best known plays are *Major Barbara*, *The Doctor's Dilemma*, *Pygmalion*, *Saint Joan of Arc* and *The Apple Cart*. He was awarded the Nobel Prize for literature in 1925 and is a member of the Society of Authors, Playwrights and Composers, in whose official publication, *The Author, Playwright and Composer*, the present article first appeared in the summer of 1945.

Book Club, Smith's, Boot's, etc.; nor could you go into a stationer's shop and take out a secondhand book to read for twopence.

When the thirty-shilling market was exhausted, the book was reprinted as "a railway novel" (you were supposed to read it in the train) in yellow boards with a picture on them, price two shillings. It could not be copyrighted in the United States, where, if it sold well, it was "pirated" by so many competing publishers that the price was run down to ten cents, and the competitors were so nearly ruined that they clamored for copyright more urgently than the British authors, and eventually got it on condition that they reprinted the book in America to give the American printers a job. But the scalping was so reckless that long after copyright had been established, American editors and publishers, when they asked me to write for them, and I pointed out to them that there are at least a million words of mine in the American public domain freely at their disposal, and that I had no time to supply anything fresh, would reply that they dared not touch anything that was not copyright, and that the pressure on my time did not matter, as they would get the articles written and I had only to put my name to them.

The Harper firm, then the leading New York publishers, distinguished itself honorably by sending £10 to every British novelist it "pirated." I accepted this gift very gratefully for the first novel of mine that crossed

the Atlantic; but when another firm disregarded my "authorization" and published a competing edition, I returned the £10. Harper's were so dumfounded by this scrupulous proceeding on my part that they held themselves bound to give the restored tenner to a charity.

Note that I have put the word "pirated" between inverted commas. There was no piracy in the matter. If the United States, instead of joining the international copyright convention, preferred to make us a present of their literature and leave us as free to "pirate" Mark Twain and Artemus Ward (which we did profusely) as they to exploit Trollope and Ouida, the effect being that they could have our books, we theirs, without contributing to the support of the authors, there was nothing dishonest in that arrangement, which still stands between the USSR and the rest of the world — with, however, the important modification that in Russia the foreign author is entitled to a fixed royalty on the sales of his book, and may spend it in Russia. But he may not take it out of Russia.

II

The establishment of foreign copyright in the United States made an enormous change in the economic possibilities of successful authorship. Dickens, by far the most popular novelist of the nineteenth century, was dismayed by the little he received for the huge success of his *Christmas*

Carol, and had to work himself to premature death as a public reader to provide for his large family. He had even to drink himself to death; for his last American tour, which killed him, was achieved only by a diet of fiery cocktails.

Were he alive now, he could, by holding up his finger, get £30,000 for the film rights of any of his stories in addition to his literary royalties. Even the unorganized literary hacks who still form the bulk of our sweated profession, and who, seventy years ago, toiled in the Reading Room of the British Museum for eighteen pence an hour, can at least dream of selling a story to Hollywood for the price of a much-needed renewal of their wardrobes.

The Reading Room jobbers, being paid on the nail, and never getting so far as having books published, did not dream of trade union organization. Their snobbery would have revolted at the word; and their individual isolation (they were not on speaking terms with one another), to say nothing of their poverty, made organization impossible.

But the handful of known authors who wrote books and lived by them were all of Byron's opinion that Barabbas was a publisher. The publishers expected as a matter of course that they should acquire the copyright in the books they published for its whole term; and their favorite agreement was that the author should have half the profits. But their vouchers for the manufacturing expenses,

apparently unquestionable, made no mention of the discounts at which they had been settled; and the overhead was not vouched at all. There was virtually a conspiracy of the manufacturers and publishers to cheat the authors by receipted bills for much larger sums than the publishers had actually paid. Occasionally, some author would protest and expose this system; but nothing effective was done until Besant began the organization of his profession by the establishment of the Society of Authors, and secured as its secretary the late Herbert Thring, scion of a legal family, but far too combative *contra mundum* to succeed in ordinary legal practice. He was just what the Society needed then.

Besant, however, was like most authors, no economist. He did not understand publishing as a business. He persisted in assuming that a publisher is an ordinary merchant who, like a baker or dairyman, sells a certain article which everybody can produce with perfect certainty in unlimited quantities, and which everybody needs for general use or consumption.

He kept on citing quite irrelevant examples of books on which the publisher had made a big profit and the author a little one, as damning proofs that the publisher who claims more than the cost of production of the book, plus a reasonable profit, say 10 per cent, and does not give all the rest to the author, is a sharper and a robber, to say the least.

III

This was an ignorant delusion. Publishing is not ordinary trade; it is gambling. The publisher bets the cost of manufacturing, advertising and circulating a book, plus the overhead of his establishment, against every book he publishes exactly as a turf bookmaker bets against every horse in the race. The author, with his one book, is an owner backing his favorite at the best odds he can get from the competing publishers. Both are gamblers, and must play their game as a game and not as blacksmiths deal in horse-shoes and bakers in loaves. Neither has any certainty that the book will sell, yet the extraordinary possibility that, unlike the smith's horse-shoe or the baker's loaf, it may be consumed over and over again by generations of readers and be none the worse. Without a single added stroke of work it is possible for the author of a single best seller, costing six months' easy literary labor, to retire and live comfortably on the proceeds. It is equally possible and more probable for the author to spend years of intense labor on the production of a literary work of the highest class, and not make enough money by it to be relieved from the drudgery of reviewing, casual journalism, acting as publishers' reader, and the like bread-and-butter work. Lucrative eminence may come to an author in youth as it did to Dickens, Kipling and Wells, or never come until after death, as to Blake. Or it may never come at all.

Trading in such hazards is gambling; and Besant and Thring would have had an easier time if they had understood this and allowed for the fact that a publisher must publish perhaps a hundred books to achieve ten best sellers. The remaining ninety may barely pay their way, or bring him prestige instead of money, or even flop completely. To keep his shop open, he must keep on publishing whether the books he can get are promising or not. That is how the unknown author, the beginner, gets his foot in, as a stopgap, and can get as good terms as an established celebrity, because no publisher or theatrical manager will touch the work of a beginner if he can get a book or play by a famous author. And as famous authors are few, and can supply only one book or play a year, whereas the publisher needs at least one book a month, and the manager may at any moment find himself faced with the alternative of finding a new play immediately or closing his theatre if he has one, the authors are often masters of the situation when they know their business well enough to take advantage of it. But they must understand that in gambling there is no question of honest profit and fair dealing. Each side must play "with all the advantages" and gain on the swings what it loses on the roundabouts. Under such circumstances, the wonder is that the publishers do so much to keep up the prestige of literature (properly the business of the State) at their own cost when trash would pay them

better. It is by recognizing these conditions and getting rid of the Byron-Besant-Thring tradition that Barab was a publisher, that the Society of Authors has become a reasonable body. There are changes still to come which will exercise it pretty severely; but my theme is the past, not the future.

Let me chronicle the passing of the three-volume thirty-shilling novel, and the substitution of cheaper single volumes, sold at a discount of three-pence in the shilling. That also has passed. It was during its vogue that the old panjandrums of publishing, the fathers and/or founders of Macmillan's, Smith Elder, Longman's, Chapman and Bentley died. To the extent to which they were succeeded by their parentally crushed sons, their power perished with them and passed to the equally crushed and

sweated booksellers, who, revolting triumphantly, got rid of the three-penny discount and began sweating the publishers. New firms like Heinemann and Jonathan Cape came to the front; and presently King Street and Henrietta Street, Covent Gardens, had a publishing firm in almost every house. What has become of them all I do not know.

I leave much untold, but must stop for lack of space and time. I hardly dare add that the one unchanging factor is the author, socially untrained by his irresponsible solitude and spoiled equally by success or failure, an incorrigible individualist-anarchist, loathing business and its discipline and hating and dreading the few colleagues who know better and drudge at the task of protecting and organizing him.

I had ten years of it; and I know.



ANY person, who has made observations on the state and progress of the human mind, by observing his own, cannot but have observed that there are two distinct classes of what are called thoughts: those that we produce in ourselves by reflection and the act of thinking, and those that bolt into the mind of their own accord. I have always made it a rule to treat those voluntary visitors with civility, taking care to examine, as well as I was able, if they were worth entertaining; and it is from them I have acquired almost all the knowledge that I have. As to the learning that any person gains from school education, it serves only, like a small capital, to put him in the way of beginning learning for himself afterwards.

-- THOMAS PAINE

THE BIG HOUSE

A Story

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

LOOKING back now, to the peace of the early 'nineties, I realize that we who lived in that quiet period were not conscious of all that we had. Particularly was this so in the charming village of Farnham, nestling in a valley of the Green Mountains of Vermont. I was a young man then, just out of a small college, intending to take up law and open an office on the principal street of our town.

But this is not my story. It is that of the woman who came to live in the Big House on the hill above our village.

I remember so well, and with deep affection, the old Snedden place of aging wood and shingles, with its ugly mansard roof and gingerbread adornment; its wide porch with its crooked columns of wood; its hideous yellow paint, weather-beaten and falling off in abundant scales. The windows were like ghastly sockets from which the eyes had disappeared. They stared as blind eyes stare, and see nothing.

Old Mr. and Mrs. Snedden had

lived there, as had their forebears; and they died, the last of their line, early in 1893, only a few days apart. It was as though one could not live on without the other.

No one wanted to buy those acres, with their house and barns; and so the estate, if one can call it such, languished through storms, the house half falling apart, the grass uncut all around it — a hideous remnant of the past, lonely and forlorn.

Then, one day, our village shook with the news that the place had been sold. No one seemed to know who the purchaser could be, and speculation was rife.

Little happens in a village such as ours; and so we were thrilled when, one shining spring morning, workmen appeared from Brattleboro and began to dismantle the ancient house. We would climb up the hill to watch them at their labor. In almost no time at all, it was wonderful to see a bright new façade replace the old one; to watch the windows, with Georgian panes,

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, often accused of being the press agent for his beloved Manhattan, is a poet, a novelist, an editor and, most recently, an actor, playing the rôle of the clergyman in *Life With Father*. Many of his recollections of the romantic 'nineties appear in his recent autobiography, *So Far So Good*.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

take the place of those eyeless spaces. Stone terraces magically appeared; new grass was sown; but, most amazing of all was the fact that there was to be a ballroom on the west side of this imposing edifice. Farnham had never seen anything like it.

In the midst of all the excitement, the afternoon train ambled into our little station, and a veiled woman stepped daintily to the platform, where a surrey from Chris Leonard's stables awaited her. The loungers saw at once that the stranger was beautifully dressed in pale green, and a dolman of magenta fell from her graceful shoulders. A hat with a large plume of the same color was set on her head, and beneath it we could see her tawny hair, not completely concealed by the veil.

This amazing figure stepped into the surrey, and was immediately whisked away by Chris, up the hill. It did not take much effort to realize that this was the owner of the old Snedden place. But why had she waited so long to visit the place she had purchased, to consult with her architect?

When evening fell, knowing that this fascinating stranger would go to the Fuller House for her supper, I strayed down there and chatted with Roy Fuller, hoping I should get a glimpse of the lady when she came into the dining room. But my curiosity was not to be gratified. She had ordered a light meal to be sent to her room.

And on Roy's register she had sim-

ply written, in a large, quite beautiful hand, "J. Prentiss, New York." Just as if she were a man — a mere traveling salesman.

II

Time went on, and finally the improvements were finished. The furniture was moved in, and the owner came one summer day as if she expected to remain.

In those days, when a new person came to dwell in a community, the ministers of the churches went to make a call of welcome. And so, when the big house was finished and furnished, the Reverend Small of the Methodist church and the Reverend Barrows of the Baptist church ascended the hill to do their common duty. I learned from Mr. Small what happened on that visit.

They came into the presence of a gracious woman in the middle sixties, who, in spite of her age, had retained remnants of her beauty. Her hair was obviously "touched up" and she had grown a trifle stout; but her eyes were youthful and she had a smile that no one could have resisted.

"Miss Prentiss," Mr. Barrows began, "we have certainly been pleased to see the changes you have made in the old Snedden property and to have so charming a person as you come amongst us."

Miss Prentiss bowed in almost stately fashion. They could not press her with questions, deliberately ask her who she was and where she came

from, though they were both humanly bursting with curiosity.

"I know I shall enjoy the life here," their hostess finally said. "I want peace and quiet above all things, and I think I have earned both." A pause. The two men longed to lead her to a more explicit statement; but neither knew how to do this. Miss Prentiss had rung a bell, and a neat Irish maid had appeared miraculously with tea and toast and sherry — the latter an unknown thing in Farnham. Strong for temperance, the visitors were secretly shocked; yet they could say nothing. Later perhaps . . . They sipped their tea, shook their heads when asked to partake of the sherry and kept on wondering about the mysterious Miss Prentiss.

"I am not a member of any church," she volunteered, "but I do want to attend service as often as I can. It doesn't matter to me what denomination I worship with." At this last statement both ministers nodded assent, gravely.

The next words Miss Prentiss uttered shocked them even more than the presence of that carafe of sherry on the tea-table.

"I want to meet everyone in Farnham, and I thought the best way to do that was to give a ball, with the best music I can get from Boston. I love dancing."

There was a moment of terrible silence. Then Mr. Small said, in a weak voice, "But, my dear Miss Prentiss, there's no dancing in Farnham. We simply don't go in for such

worldly things here in our town."

His hostess raised her eyebrows, and then took a sip of sherry. "Really?" she gasped. She felt suddenly very much alone. Finally she said, "But surely the people here will come to a simple party I'd like so much to give?"

"Oh, I think — we both think —" interposed Mr. Barrows, "that that would certainly be appreciated by everyone in our little community."

The lady looked relieved. She changed the talk to other things before the ministers rose to depart, showed them all through the big house, and shook hands with them warmly. They had to admit that she was still an enigma to them. Strange that a woman of such distinction and obvious wealth should never have married. Well, no place was too small to be without its big mystery.

On the following Sunday morning Miss Prentiss went to Mr. Small's church, and on the Sunday after that she attended Mr. Barrows's. After each service the clergymen introduced her to as many of the congregation as could gather around them. Excitement ran high when the great lady — oh, she was at once alluded to as that — said to each person in turn, "You must be sure to come to my big party on the nineteenth — music and ice-cream and everything. I can't write to each one of you; so just come. There will be room for all." And her radiant smile captivated everyone.

The children gathered round her, fascinated. She must have come from

another planet, so different was her voice, her bearing. But why should one person, however wealthy, wish to live alone in so vast a house above this tiny town? The ministers had reported the lavish furniture in the parlor and in the ballroom; the heavy lambrequins and the lace curtains, the like of which they had never seen; the gilt tables and chairs, as well as the thickly upholstered sofas, and the chandeliers with real wax candles, and the gas wall brackets that doubtless flooded the rooms with all the light they needed.

III

In their Sunday best, the villagers arrived for the party in the Big House. It was a wonderful August night, and a huge harvest moon hung like a golden medallion in the sky. There were Japanese lanterns strung on wires all over the great lawn, and plenty of hammocks, swings, chairs and benches wherever one turned. The orchestra of four pieces played almost continuously such favorites of the moment as *After the Ball*, *Down Went McGinty* and *Marguerite*. Farnham was amazed at this lavish entertainment; and the dainty sandwiches and cakes and ice-cream were to be had by merely stepping over to the large table presided over by Miss Prentiss's friendly Irish maid, Annie.

Through all the crowd Miss Prentiss took her way, seeing that everyone was having a good time. She wore a checked gingham dress, and there was

an enormous black comb in her blond hair, and a cameo brooch on her breast. She moved in almost stately fashion; yet it was plain that she was not proud.

I watched her; and I also watched young Phil Emmons, son of our village blacksmith, as handsome a lad as you would care to see. He never took his fine dark eyes from our hostess. There was a look of adoration in his glances. It was as if he were a faithful hound, with love for only one human being. He could not seem to join with the others of his age; and I noticed that he was eating nothing. His shoulders were broad, for he was the best athlete in our village, a young Greek in his movements. But he was, happily, also a good student and once won the school prize for elocution.

That night Miss Prentiss had said to me, "There must be some talented young people in Farnham. Couldn't they be induced to perform for us all?"

And so it was that little Martha Cozzins "obliged" in the big ballroom, playing a piece on the piano, in which she had to cross hands. Then there were cries for Phil; and out on the lawn in the moonlight, the handsome fellow recited *The Wreck of the Hesperus* with all the fervor he could so easily command; and I could see how Miss Prentiss's eyes shone. She clapped loudly and called out "Encore, encore!" And Phil, nothing fearing, rendered passages from *The Deserted Village*. When he began with "Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of

the plain," I think some of us who listened felt that Farnham was quite as lovely; and certainly the elocutionist thought so, proudly. I saw the astonishment in Miss Prentiss's face when the boy had finished. When she shook hands with him and congratulated him, I saw him tremble. Or did I imagine it? Was this merely a case of puppy love — the attraction, so common in adolescence, that a boy feels for a much older woman?

No party as big as this one, with so many small children present, could move along without an accident. We were all enjoying ourselves to the utmost, when there came a loud scream from that part of the lawn where the swings were in constant motion. It was a child's cry, piercing and full of anguish. Miss Prentiss was the first grown-up to rush in the direction whence the scream came; and there was little four-year-old Bessie Tuttle prone on the grass, blood gushing from her head and hands. Evidently she had struck the earth with a terrific thud. I never saw anyone more swift than Miss Prentiss to give aid to a wounded being. "Someone get a doctor!" she called. Her dress was already smeared with crimson streaks, but she did not seem to think of that.

The child's mother followed her. "Look out for the blood, Miss Prentiss," she warned. "Oh, my poor little lamb! How good you are to her!" she added.

Well, Dr. Truman fixed the little girl up in no time, and took her and her grateful parent home in his gig.

But that wasn't the only casualty of the evening. The second one came much later, when fortunately most of the very young people had started for home.

IV

Lew Parsons, a not very well thought of fellow of twenty-five or so, began to behave in a loud and common way — a habit of his when he was drinking. He delivered papers and packages in our town, but he was not always steadily on his job, and public opinion classified him as one of little worth. Having drunk from a bottle alone behind the barn, he came staggering down the slope toward the Big House, shouting that he was the king of the roost, and he didn't give a damn who knew it — hostess or ministers and deacons, or anyone else. Why did people hate him? *He* didn't know, and gosh almighty, he didn't care. Who *was* this old dame giving this party, anyhow? She wasn't any better than anyone in Farnham, was she?

The Reverend Mr. Small, horrified at such insane talk, touched Lew's sleeve gently, and suggested that he go home. "Kick him down the hill," somebody whispered. "No, no," cautioned Mr. Small. And then it was that Lew struck without aim into the air, and his blow fell, not on Mr. Small, but on Phil, who had hastened up with Miss Prentiss. And Phil, twice as strong as the wretched Lew, laid the latter low with one stinging left. When Lew managed to get on

his feet, Miss Prentiss said, "You'd better go home now." Which advice so infuriated the fool that he reeled down the hill, hurling maledictions on his hostess and everyone else.

People like Lew Parsons can be very dangerous. He brooded after that unhappy incident at the Big House. He had no pride, or he might have mended his ways. A month later he created a stir in our midst.

It seems that very afternoon he went to the Big House with some back numbers of *Lippincott's*. Annie wasn't in the kitchen to receive them, so he stepped inside to place the package on a chair. A door into the pantry was open, and another beyond that, which led into the ballroom. Lew later told how he could hear voices, and admitted that he couldn't resist the temptation to loiter and listen. Plainly he heard Phil Emmons speaking. No doubt as to who it was. There was no mistaking that familiar voice; and he was saying, "I love you, dear. Give me your lips!" And then there came the voice of Miss Prentiss: "Not now, my love. Tomorrow — perhaps."

Gossip that he was, Lew raced like Paul Revere back to the village to spread the news of what he had heard. I happened to be one of the first people he encountered in his wild hopping about our village; and wisely, as it turned out, I determined to climb the hill, an investigating party of one. I was convinced there could be no truth in what Lew said; and this belief was confirmed when Miss Prentiss herself answered my ring and invited me

cordially to come in. And there stood Phil in the ballroom awaiting her return. I felt embarrassed — but not these two. They faced me calmly, and I had to think of some excuse for my sudden appearance.

I must have been very awkward in my explanation, for Miss Prentiss broke in, with a smile, and said, "I thought perhaps you wanted to join my elocution class, Mr. Jamison. I have only one pupil so far; but you must not tell anyone, for I want to spring a surprise on you all. Promise me," she went on earnestly, and pointing a finger at me mockingly. "Phil, here, has great talent; and it may be that I can get him a fine part in Boston. Let me run over the big scene, with you as audience. Would you like us to do that? Of course you would! Come on, Phil. You must do your best now — lots of feeling and gusto must go into your lines. Ready! Curtain!"

And I heard repeated the very words that gossip, Lew, had reported! "I love you, dear. Give me your lips!" And the lovely contralto tones of Miss Prentiss coming back, "Not now, my love. Tomorrow -- perhaps."

They went through the whole scene. "It's from an old play," Miss Prentiss told me, when they had finished.

How glad I was that I had come up to the Big House. I would shake Lew Parsons into common sense now. But you know how it is in a small village. Tongues actually wag with glee when someone's good name is tarnished.

Our whole community was soon talking and speculating and the story that Miss Prentiss was anything but a lovely and virtuous woman traveled like a prairie fire. There was no stopping it; and the village was soon divided until Phil, in righteous indignation, punched Lew Parsons in the nose, and branded him a liar. And our two ministers went to Miss Prentiss and apologized for Lew's defection. She only smiled and thanked them. "I was born in a small village myself," she said.

But two weeks later Lew Parsons, anxious to vindicate himself, was at his evil work again. He had got hold of an old theatrical magazine, and found a picture in it of an actress named Joan Prentiss — in scanty attire — the leading lady, if you please, in an immoral play called *The Black Crook!* Could the so-called lady in the Big House deny that this was her photograph? He should say not. Now, what was the village going to think of her and her great airs? A play-actress — by heck, that's what she was; so no wonder she had told Farnham nothing about herself.

But worse still, Lew had been on the hill the night before, very late, and a man who had evidently come over from Brattleboro was seen getting out of a buggy and going to the Big House. He had paid and dismissed his driver before he rang the bell. Lew had loitered around just as long as he could, and by jimminy, the stranger had never come out. Put *that* in your pipe and smoke it! Yes, siree!

V

This was indeed a shocking story, loaded with dynamite. The village was up in arms again. Little Bessie Tuttle's mother said she didn't believe a word of what that worthless Lew said; and no matter what Miss Prentiss was accused of, she held that any woman who had been so kind to her little one was an angel, and no mistake. Lew Parsons was obviously "getting even" with Miss Prentiss for her dismissal of him the night of the party. Anyone could see that, Mrs. Tuttle said, and why, she wanted to know, didn't a lawyer like me get busy and hush up such a package of lies?

And I did get busy. I went to our two ministers, and they sent Miss Prentiss a note, asking when they could call to apprise her, as they stiffly put it, of a certain ugly rumor that was floating through our village. I volunteered to deliver this note in person. Miss Prentiss, looking older in the morning light, received me pleasantly, and read the letter in my presence. A curious smile came to her lips. Yet this was no laughing matter, I thought.

"Mr. Jamison," she said, "please ask these two dear clergymen to call on me this afternoon at four o'clock. And will you kindly come with them? Thank you."

Promptly at the hour she had appointed, Miss Prentiss received us graciously. That curious smile was again on her lips. Tea and cakes had

been laid out; but none of us wanted any.

It had been agreed that Mr. Small should be our spokesman. A serious matter confronted us, he said, and Miss Prentiss should know of it. Yes, she answered, her maid, Annie, had heard what Lew Parsons was saying, and so she did not wonder at Farnham's excitement. And then, very solemnly, she stated: "I am — or, rather, I *was* a play-actress, and having been on the stage for forty-five years I determined to end my days quietly in the country." Not that it was anybody's business but her own, she had made enough money to do this, and as she had always loved Vermont, she thought it would be an ideal place in which to settle. But she could never, she saw now, get entirely away from the theatre; for even in so small a village as Farnham there was hidden talent — a boy like Phil Emmons to be helped to a career. Ah! She was sure she could do this, if his parents would let him go to Boston and see one of the managers she knew there.

The two clergymen nodded in

vague approval. It wasn't Phil's case so much as the later scandalous incident that worried them.

"Ah," Miss Prentiss went on, smiling that enigmatic smile again, "it wouldn't have been possible for me to purchase this darling old place without someone's help; and certainly I had that help from a man who also wished to retire — a theatrical manager who has been very busy of late finishing up his business, selling out his enterprises so that he could at last join me here."

She paused, dramatically, and I swear she was enjoying the obvious discomfiture of the two ministers who were so amazed and frightened that they could not speak or move. Then, as if she had rehearsed the next scene, she called out, in that lovely velvet voice of hers: "Oliver, please come here."

And through the door came a strikingly handsome man of about seventy, bowing to us all.

"Gentlemen," Miss Prentiss said, "I want you to meet my husband, Oliver Grey."



*T*HE cost of a thing is the amount of what I will call life which is required to be exchanged for it, immediately or in the long run.

— H. D. THOREAU

*I*N three things a man may be easily deceived, *viz.*: in a man till known, a tree till down, and the day till done.

— NATHANIEL BAILEY

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Clinical Dramatic Notes

Concerning *Bad Plays*. — The commonest question asked of a professional critic, usually by men who spend their nights at home or in restaurants filling helpless women's ears with nonsense, exercising their brains over pieces of red and black spotted cardboard, or reading the novels of James Hilton, is how he conceivably can go to the theatre regularly and waste his time in looking at so many bad plays. Since it would be profitless to intimate to them that many of the plays which he finds bad — plays, for example, like *Abie's Irish Rose*, *Junior Miss*, *Seventh Heaven*, *Peg o' My Heart*, *Brother Rat*, *What A Lifel*, *Room Service*, et al. — have by their record runs proved to be exactly the kind which the interrogators would undoubtedly find to their enthusiastic taste, there is nothing for the defendant to do but to allow that very possibly he is crazy and to let it go at that, which satisfies the bores completely.

These latter, while they cannot for the life of them understand how any man can continue an interest in the theatre when he is forced to see four poor plays for every passable one and four passable plays for maybe one good one, nevertheless accept with

wholesome contentment and ultimate pleasure a similar ratio in the matter of social affairs, books, and what not else, including, God forbid, even moving pictures. And, more important, the plays which they speak of as being bad and which fail are often the plays that a critic esteems, as, for example, in recent seasons, *Outrageous Fortune*, *A Highland Fling*, *Love's Old Sweet Song*, *Suds In Your Eye*, *The Beautiful People*, and so on.

The theory that the critical profession should weary of the theatre because of its numerous ailing plays is sister to the idea that the medical profession should weary of itself because it has to deal with numerous ill patients. Treating bad plays to the constructive ministrations of criticism is no different, essentially, from treating bad health to the constructive ministrations of medicine. It is part of the eerie fascination of the theatre, and of the critical craft.

The bad play, furthermore, is not always without its amusement rewards. It bears in this respect a close relation to the eccentric entertainment in get-the-hook vaudeville, the greased-pig chase, or the spectacle of a fat woman slipping on the icy pavement and landing on her aft embon-

point. The wanton chuckles and guffaws induced by some such solemn stinker as *Boudoir* or *The House of Doom* are of a volume hardly matched by those evoked by such intentional comedies and farces as *Kiss and Tell* and *Dear Ruth*.

Even when it is not good, the theatre has an answer in the words of Goethe for the mentally bewhiskered who elect to disparage it. "Anyone who is sufficiently young and who is not quite spoiled," said Goethe,

could not easily find any place that would suit him so well as a theatre. No one asks you any questions; you need not open your mouth unless you choose; on the contrary, you sit quite at your ease like a king, and let everything pass before you, and recreate your mind and senses to your heart's content. There is poetry, there is painting, there are singing and music, there is acting, and what not besides. When all these arts, and the charm of youth and beauty heightened to an important degree, work in concert on the same evening, it is a bouquet to which no other can compare. But even when part is bad and part is good, it is still better than looking out of the window, or playing a game of whist in a close party amid the smoke of cigars.

* * *

Concerning Hollywood. — That Hollywood has nothing to give to the theatre in the way of playwriting becomes more and more evident as each season uncovers the wares its inhabitants have to offer. If such miserable specimens of drama emanated only from its inferior inhabitants there would be small argument, since equally

miserable specimens emanate periodically from inferior writers on the home soil. The significance lies rather in the miserable specimens purveyed not by any such second- and third-rate moving picture scenario writers; but by those who are venerated in Hollywood as first-rate and as among the best in the cinema capital.

Nunnally Johnson, for example, is regarded by Hollywood as one of its most skillful writers; yet all he can manage in the higher field of dramatic writing is rubbish like *The World's Full Of Girls*. Ben Hecht is one of the really important and most highly respected men out there, and yet all he can manage in turn is pretentious claptrap like *To Quito And Back* and *Lily Of The Valley*. Edmund Goulding, not only as a writer and editor of others' writings but as a director, is one of Hollywood's princes; yet all that he in further turn is able, after years of trying, to achieve is a trashy, dated melodrama like *The Ryan Girl*. These are only three examples out of many. All clearly indicate that the wind which the writers fondly pray will wing them eastward blows them right back to where they came from.

* * *

Concerning Plains And Pavements. — Dan Totheroh, whose verse drama, *Live Life Again*, was shown on the New York stage several months ago — and withdrawn by public demand after two performances — states as the chief article of his dramatic credo

that only the rural regions, the farms and the woods, the hills and the prairies, are susceptible of true poetic expression and that such expression is inevitably hamstrung by the pavements of man-made cities.

I present two clinical examples in the form of that expression as offered on the one hand by Mr. Totheroh's play, laid on the Nebraska plains, and on the other by Maxwell Anderson's *Winterset*, laid in the shadow of the Brooklyn Bridge.

1. Samples of Mr. Totheroh's inspiration:

- a. "I gotta go now and kill a hog before dark."
- b. "After all, you're a woman and I'm a man!"
- c. "It's just all the things he's read in books."
- d. "My love is all I have to offer — a poor thing."
- e. "Like ripples on a stream."
- f. "This rain is good; it helps to lay the dust."

and

- g. "That fine old house and rich moist land, he give it to a Swede from Black Snake Creek."

2. Sample of Mr. Anderson's:

Then see to it! Let it rain! What can you do to me now when the night's on fire with this thing I know? Now I could almost wish there was a god somewhere — I could almost think there was a god — and he somehow brought me here and set you down before me here in the rain where I could wring this out of you! For it's said, and I've heard it, and I'm free! He was as I thought him, true and noble and upright, even when he went to a death contrived because he was as he was and not

your kind. Let it rain! Let the night speak fire and the city go out with the tide, for he was a man, and I know you now, and I have my day!

* * *

Concerning Death. — "Why wasn't Pinero's *The Thunderbolt* a success at its first production?" inquires the usually very astute critic, James Agate, in the London *Sunday Times*, and asks, "Is it because men don't regard death as a subject for comedy?" Hardly. Men have regarded death as a subject for comedy from the time of Aristophanes through Jonson to the present time of *Arsenic And Old Lace*. Death has been treated successfully as comedy in many plays past and present, as *Volpone*, *The Climbers*, *On Borrowed Time*, et al., have shown.

The Thunderbolt is looked upon by many as Pinero's best play. Yet it failed not only in London but in New York. The answer has nothing to do with death but, I venture, is because the play, estimable as much of it is from an academic critical point of view, is nevertheless theatrically on the unstimulating side. One respects it but at the same time is not overly moved or held by it. There is no paradox in such a statement. It is a first-rate clinical example of dramaturgy but a second-rate "show." A number of admittedly fine plays, both classic and modern, similarly fail in holding a twentieth-century audience: *The Trojan Women*, for a classic example, and *Brand*, *The Dance of Death* and *The Sunken Bell*, for modern examples.

Concerning Sentiment. — It is the mark of much of modern criticism loftily to derogate and deprecate any degree of sentiment in the drama, to look upon it as effeminate, and to venerate instead what is called, often factitiously, the realistic approach. The fact that sentiment is realism, critically speaking, in the relations of many men and women is overlooked and endorsement withheld instead for a bogus species of realism wholly alien to the emotions of the characters dealt with. This is not, as so many maintain, a hardboiled age. It isn't the age that is hardboiled so much as its posturing, pseudo-hardboiled critics. Sentiment has produced some of the most truthful and realistic plays written in our time. They range all the way from O'Neill's *Strange Interlude* to Brieux's *The Incubus*, from O'Casey's *The Plough And The Stars* to Schnitzler's *Anatol*, and from Echegaray's *The Great Galeoto* to, at the extreme, even some such comedy as *Cynara*. There remains a much greater essential realism in a sentimental play like Porto-Riche's *L'Amoureuse* than in a dozen supposedly realistic ones like *Women Go On Forever*.

* * *

Concerning The English Stage And Ours. — Something begins to impress itself upon the observer of American things theatrical. It is this. Like the English for long, we are getting to go to the theatre to see favorite actors instead

of plays, and, like the English stage, our own is suffering from it. The old star system, which was thought for a while to have gone at least relatively into the discard, seems to be again on the way back.

In England, where dramatic quality has been seen so seldom in years that it has been almost forgotten, popular actors and actresses have successfully usurped its place. It begins to look that way here, too. More and more our audiences flock to theatres whose stages offer such players instead of reputable plays. Any kind of trash seems to suffice if one of the pets is to be seen in it. Helen Hayes thus packs them in when she appears in such chowchow as a *Harriet*; Katharine Cornell when she shows herself in a *Lovers And Friends*; the Lunts when they disport themselves in some other snide British comedy; Katharine Hepburn when she parades a stage in a *The Philadelphia Story* and a *Without Love*; Tallulah Bankhead when she wobbles around in a *Foolish Notion*; Gertrude Lawrence when she glides about in a *Skylark* or a *Susan And God*; Elisabeth Bergner when she squirms and shrieks in such dreadful slop as a *The Two Mrs. Carrolls*; and Ruth Gordon when she gurgles through an *Over 21*. Even John Barrymore, while alive, however hard he tried, couldn't make even the ghastly *My Dear Children* fail at the box-office.

Meanwhile, really deserving plays without benefit of such actor magnets every now and then die the death.

SOCIAL WORK BECOMES A PROFESSION

By ROBERT P. LANE

ABOUT two years ago, a learned sociologist drew up a scale of 100 occupations, listed in the order of their prestige with the man in the street. The occupation of social worker stood thirty-seventh in his scale, three notches below undertaker.

We need not rely on sociologists alone to discover that the social worker's standing in the community is unenviable. What picture does the term "social worker" summon up? There are two popular stereotypes: the wealthy amateur, complete with lorgnette and furs, who descends patronizingly on the lowly tenement dweller; and the blue-nosed professional, bristling with sanctity, and equipped with horn-rimmed glasses, flat-heeled shoes and a leather-covered notebook. An enterprising public-relations man recently conducted an informal poll of the people he met on a single day. He asked fellow commuters, the grocery boy, the elevator operator, the maid and some others what they thought a social worker was. Their answers ranged from "a Red" and "a New Dealer" through "an investigator like the

people the loan companies send out to check up on you" to "a Miss who tries to learn how you live with your family when she can't live with her own."

Are these accidental characterizations? Not at all. They have been carried by almost every stream which feeds the great waters of public opinion. Literature, the theatre, the movies, public speakers, the comic strips have had their fling at the social worker. Even so enlightened a public figure as New York's Mayor La Guardia is always sure of a laugh when he repeats either of his two more celebrated jibes — that the worst mother is better for a child than the best institution, or that a T-bone steak and French fries will straighten out a maladjusted youngster faster than all the psychiatric social workers in the world.

It is fairly clear that social workers generally have a bad press. There are, of course, exceptions. The names of Jane Addams and Lillian D. Wald command genuine, if vague, respect. And in some quarters the tide may

ROBERT P. LANE since 1934 has been executive director of the Welfare Council of New York City; a federation of 600 social and health agencies. He has taught at Dartmouth and the University of Michigan, and served as European director of the American Junior Red Cross for several years after the last war.

have turned a little. An estimated ten or twelve million Americans served as volunteers in various forms of community service during the war. Many had their first shoulder-to-shoulder contact with social workers when they spent hours as nurses' aides, or day-nursery workers, or Red Cross volunteers. Since a social worker in the flesh is not quite so terrifying as his or her caricature, the contact has had a salutary effect. And in far-flung theatres of war, the conduct of Red Cross and USO workers has gained them the admiration of our men in service. Familiarity, in these instances, is banishing contempt.

II

Let us take a moment to inquire into some of the reasons for the low regard in which social workers have been held. They are psychologically revealing.

A nation whose ideals are independence and self-help despises the idea of charity. It is a simple act of transference to extend that disapproval to those who dispense the charity. During the depression, millions of Americans were forced onto the public relief rolls. Social workers were tangible entities against whom these millions could easily direct their resentment at the forces which had brought them to humiliating dependency. The depression had another unfortunate effect on the reputation of social workers. It caused the employment as Home Relief investi-

gators of thousands of untrained people whose unskilled handling of clients produced justifiable irritations. The Home Relief client was in no position, however, to differentiate between professional and amateur social workers. They were all tarred with the same stick.

Nor were the origins of social work conducive to its popular acceptance as a skilled profession today. The first social workers were well-meaning people whose chief equipment was a religious desire to improve morals or to help the needy. The price they too often exacted from a man in return for a meal was a prayer or a pledge of abstinence from evil. Because social work is still a very young profession there has not yet been time for it to live down its beginnings.

Among the minor but telling causes of unpopularity for the social worker may well have been the once widespread belief that woman's place was in the home. Social work is today largely (63 per cent) a woman's profession.

Moreover, social workers have often served as gadflies of the public conscience. They have been — and will continue to be — in the forefront of the fight for social progress and reform. Such leadership is guaranteed to attract unpopularity. Yet social workers gladly pay that price for the things they believe in. Their daily association with the results of social inequities makes it impossible for them to do anything else. "The job of the social worker," Jane Addams once

said, "is to work himself out of a job."

Accepting Miss Addams' epigram as a general credo, we may now ask: Who and what are social workers? What do they try to accomplish and how do they go about it?

Social work is a new, relatively small, but growing profession. The 1940 census gave the number of social workers then in the country as 70,000; this compared with more than 1,000,000 teachers, 245,000 engineers, 178,000 lawyers, 165,000 doctors, 133,000 members of the clergy. The country's first full-fledged graduate school of social work was established in 1912 in New York City. Today there are 42 accredited schools, which last year graduated 1,200 students. All of these students were required to have a college degree or its equivalent prior to admission; they received their social work certificate only after two full years of graduate training. To become a full-fledged social worker, then, takes six years of higher education, about as much as is required for dentists or lawyers.

Not every social worker who holds that title today has undergone this training. Many of the older people in the profession gained their experience on the job, before schools of social work existed or at least before they were widely used. But more and more agencies, governmental and voluntary, are insisting on professional training before they hire a worker. The time is not far off when a certificate will be just as indispensable to a person seeking a social work job as is

admission to the bar for a lawyer.

Social work may be a small profession, but philanthropy is a big business. In terms of capital funds and expenditures, it ranks among the ten top industries in the United States. In the city of New York alone, over \$100,000,000 a year is spent by privately supported welfare and health organizations (including hospitals), not to speak of even larger sums spent by municipal, state and Federal departments for welfare and health purposes. It is a fair assumption that the distinguished and hard-headed business men and officials who head these services know what they are doing when they entrust social workers with the disbursement of these large sums.

III

What do social workers try to achieve? Whichever of the many fields they till, their objective is the enrichment of human life. A quick view of the major fields may be had by listing the categories of service into which the Directory of Social Agencies in New York City is divided: aged, child health services, chronically ill, clinics, convalescent care, day care of children, dependent children, employment and vocational guidance, family service and relief, foreign-born and travelers, handicapped, health administration and education, homeless and unattached, hospitals, housing, legal aid, maternity services, mental hygiene, nursing services, protective and

correctional care, recreation, research, sheltered workshops, children's temporary shelters, vacation services, community organization.

Like other professions, social work has its specialties. There are family case workers who concentrate on smoothing out difficulties — financial, emotional, physical — that disturb family life. There are child guidance workers specializing in the adjustment to normal of boys and girls who show behavior deviations. There are group workers who promote teamwork and personality development through leisure time activities. There are medical social workers, stationed in hospitals and clinics, who help patients and their families through the non-medical crises which serious illness is so apt to carry in its wake. There are employment counselors and vocational guidance experts; psychiatric case workers who assist mental patients and their families; experts in health education; nursery school workers. There are specialists in research who gather and evaluate data about people and communities in order that social work planning may have a sound factual basis. And there are those who, like the writer, work at the elusive and complex job of community organization — coordinating existing services, preventing duplication, planning ahead.

Whatever the social worker's specialty, there are certain qualities all good ones must have. Chief among these is the ability to understand basic human conflicts and, without criticizing or passing judgment, to help a

troubled person see clearly into his own problem and work it out for himself. Today's social worker is trained to subdue her own personality in order to permit the fullest expression of the client's personality. She is skilled in the arts of patience and helpfulness. Unlike radio's John J. Anthony, she forms no snap judgments, lays down no rules; above all, she does not interview her clients in public. Instead, she works in decent privacy, and helps her client to arrive at his own decisions, for those are the only ones he is likely to abide by, anyway.

Informed common sense and belief in planning ahead are the social worker's guiding principles. The columnist Samuel Grafton made that discovery for himself a few winters ago, during a "relief crisis" in Ohio, when the nation was stirred to pity by reports of keen suffering in Cleveland. In his column of January 30, 1940, Grafton reported that a young woman had arrived at his office, one day, with \$1,500 which had been privately raised for distribution among Cleveland's poor. At the outset, Grafton reported, "she and I sagely agreed we were not going to cut any professional social workers in on the thing." But there were difficulties which they had not anticipated, and it was eventually agreed that the money would be distributed by the Cleveland Chapter of the American Association of Social Workers. Grafton had just received their report while he was writing his column. In his own words:

It makes quite a situation; a big, rather dreary, cold city, in the grip of crisis, and a few earnest people in it suddenly equipped with \$1,500 and told to go out and do good. Which street corner are you going to start doing good at, and how much good will you do before moving on? The Cleveland social workers helped 138 families but they played it close to their vests, dealing it out in five's and ten's with their eye on something I had never thought about. That was the notion of using each five or ten to effect some permanent improvement where possible. Eyeglasses, for example. I have never really understood eyeglasses before. When one is very poor and has bad eyes, broken spectacles may mean inability to take a job at, say, typing. Eight heads of families were fitted with eyeglasses; in four cases these glasses saved jobs or made jobs possible.

One outstanding case: a man of great obesity, in need of dispensary treatment, could not leave his house to get it because he had no trousers. But now the sum of \$3.50 saved his health by providing him with a pair of oversize pants so that he could get to his clinic. The lack of \$3.50, then, in Ohio, forces a man to meet up with ultimate, ludicrous tragedy, alone in a cold bedroom without his trousers. The price of a theatre seat can save a man's health. . . .

The new generation of social workers, drawn from our country's college students, carry none of the badges of their professional forebears. If they wear horn-rimmed glasses, the rims are apt to be in the harlequin shape now fashionable. Flat heels, perhaps — but probably mounted on platform shoes. Recently *Glamour* magazine printed a double-page spread of pictures of social workers, all of whom were attractive.

Agreed, then, that social workers

are the victims of general misunderstanding. But they are not accepting their lot meekly. In a dozen different directions, social work is shaking off its shackles and moving out into the sunlight of popular approval. Its aims are no longer directed at the poverty-stricken alone, for it recognizes that the same skills which can help the penniless Joneses may also create a happier family life for the middle-income-bracket Smiths. As part of this extension of service, some social agencies have begun to charge fees for those who can afford them, thus removing any flavor of "charity." The process is a slow one, but it is gaining momentum. Names are keeping pace with aims. A few years ago in New York City, the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor merged with the Charity Organization Society to become the Community Service Society. Anyone can object to identification with "the poor" or with "charity." No one can deny that he is part of the "community."

There are many other changes of this nature, but here again the process is slow. New York still has a worthwhile organization called the Association for the Relief of Respectable, Aged and Indigent Females.

As America moves toward fuller realization of the democratic ideal, social workers will play a steadier, more vital part in her development. We have long accepted without question the existence of fire departments, police departments, health and sanitation

tion departments, manned by specialists, to control the hazards of fire, lawlessness and pestilence. The depression of the 'thirties led us to recognize community responsibility for the hazards of poverty, illness, old age, delinquency, unemployment, personal and social maladjustment. These hazards, at least as hard to cope with

as fire and pestilence, call quite insistently for trained and specialized workers to circumvent them and control them. Scientific study of society and of human behavior is giving us the knowledge we need, and social workers are putting that knowledge to work — in growing numbers and with obviously growing success.

AT THE GRAVE OF EDGAR ALLAN POE

BY CHARLES ANGOFF

AT last the sweet, divine, turmoil
Of the endless songs, man, woman, and thing,
Is yours forever, beyond escape.

The men of measured joys,
Who judged you as one of them,
Bemoaned your lot in the market place
And the holy ventures of your heart.
They pointed to your meager table
In the hard, cold, narrow room,
And the incessant cough of your beloved
In a narrower room close by,
Her harsh, inevitable death in your arms —
And your own end in a city gutter soon after.

These are facts open to all vulgar biographers,
But what greater truths they did not see! —
The soft glory that greeted you in the morning,
Pouring from sky and earth to lodge in your heart;
The deliciously happy chaos of high noon,
God's dearest blessing upon His creatures;
The unutterable harmony in the talk and look of your beloved
Even in that narrow room;
The round splendor of the evening sun
And the attending hush of the first stars and the darkening trees;
The inner voice, from the angels, that soothed you
In the final moments of the final day.

A GERMAN GRAVE DIGGER

BY SAUL K. PADOVER

I THOUGHT that the mines and booby traps which the Wehrmacht planted in Wuerselen, and which blew up an average of three Germans a day, would make a proper broadcast to the Reich, and I asked the MG for details. He said that he did not know; mines and bodies were the business of a fellow whom everybody called the Grave Digger. "He is a German, a strange guy who goes about the mine fields disconnecting mines and getting out the bodies. He is the only man with nerve enough to do this work, and he does it for nothing. I don't know why." A messenger was sent to find the Grave Digger.

I was eating lunch when there was a knock at the door and a powerfully built young man walked in. "I am Josef Kiefer; I de-mine booby traps. You sent for me." Kiefer was not his real name, of course.

He wore muddy boots and a faded turtleneck sweater and he held his gray cap firmly in a thick fist. I told him to take a seat and asked him whether he had lunched. He said, "No." I offered him a sandwich.

"Why do you do that?" he asked.

"You said you haven't had lunch."

"But don't you know I am a German?"

"Don't Germans eat?"

"That's not it." He shook his head.

"A German would not offer bread to a foreigner."

The tone was as startling as the words. He spoke in a slow, melodious voice and he articulated carefully as if he meant to use every word as ammunition. I had given him only a casual glance, but now I noticed his face. It matched his voice: sensitive and strong, with half-closed dark eyes that seemed to be eternally brooding. Without knowing anything about him, I was somehow impressed.

The next two days I spent in Kiefer's company and so I came to know a man whom I consider the most remarkable character I have met in Germany. Kiefer would have been unusual in any country, but in Germany he was unique. He had a wild sort of courage, a sober-crazy logic, a devouring sense of justice and moral indignation. It was he who related to

SAUL K. PADOVER, former assistant to the Secretary of the Interior, is the author of *The Revolutionary Emperor, Secret Diplomacy and Jefferson*. During the war he served with the Army's Psychological Warfare Division in Europe. This article will comprise a chapter in his forthcoming book, *Report on the Germans*.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

us the inner story of the town, who guided us through a gruesome battlefield strewn with German corpses, who led us through the bunkers where American soldiers died behind their machine guns. And throughout these expeditions he made comments that were biting and bitter and sometimes as brutal as the environment.

His story, too, is unusual, particularly because Kiefer was a Communist, professing allegiance to a political party that may yet emerge as a power in the Reich.

His father was a miner and a Communist, and Josef followed in his footsteps occupationally and ideologically. When he was fourteen, he left home and went wandering through the Reich. In Berlin, a year later, he fought on the barricades on "Bloody Sunday" (May 1929), when the Social Democratic chief of police fired on the radical workers. Kiefer still remembers that with a residue of bitterness and pain. Next to class violence, he was most shocked by the slums (*Elendsgebiete*) and poverty in the proletarian districts of Berlin.

He was sixteen when he returned to Wuerselen and organized a Young Communist League which, at the time Hitler came to power, had sixty members (in a population of 16,000). The Nazis dissolved the League and threw young Kiefer into a concentration camp, where his father and an aunt were also held. On account of his youth, he was released after four months and he continued his anti-Nazi activities, this time underground.

He became a member of the *Kampfbund gegen den Faschismus* (Combat League Against Fascism) in nearby Aachen, whither he went nightly. Together with other members of the *Kampfbund*, he listened to the Moscow and Basel radios and distributed miniature editions of the *Rote Fahne*, the Communist newspaper, printed in Belgium. Within a few months, the Gestapo ferreted out the *Kampfbund* and destroyed it by incarcerating its leaders, a number of whom were Kiefer's relatives.

That was in 1934 and the Gestapo increased in efficiency to a point where underground groups were liquidated as soon as organized. Anti-Nazi workers, especially those who were friends, met in small social gatherings and listened to the foreign radio; their sole political activity consisted of a discussion of political activity. Kiefer developed a passion for foreign broadcasts and, curiously enough, his favorite station was not Moscow but London. He had the highest praise for the BBC.

"London," he said, "knew how to entertain its listeners. English speakers were always calm and thoughtful, and they inspired confidence. The BBC was particularly effective during the war. One of the most thrilling moments on the radio was when Thomas Mann addressed the Germans over the BBC. Mann is the kind of person lacking in Germany today — an honest man. Another effective commentator from London was Peter Petersen. When he spoke, I felt as if he

were sitting in my room and talking to me. As for the American radio, I regret to say that neither my friends nor myself liked it. It had too nervous a tempo and was devoid of political analysis. We Germans were fed up with propaganda; we wanted facts and thought. Only the British knew how to supply our needs."

Kiefer was surprising in his intimate knowledge of the major political events of the war, a knowledge which he gleaned from the Allied radio and of which most Germans were kept in ignorance by the Hitler government. He quoted at length from Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin. He knew about the Moscow Conference, about Telleran, about the Atlantic Charter and about the Four Freedoms. And what he knew, he used to promulgate among his friends and acquaintances. There was no reason for the Germans not to know what was going on in the world, he said. All they needed was a little bit of courage to listen to the foreign radio.

II

Until the outbreak of the war, the Wehrmacht disdained Kiefer. Considered "politically unreliable," he was at first given a pass showing that he was unworthy of the honor of serving in the German army. Later, the Wehrmacht decided that the husky miner was eligible for the *Wehrgemeinschaft des deutschen Volkes* (Defense Community of the German People), but as a miner he had the

right to claim occupational deferment, and he declined the honor of wearing Hitler's uniform.

"They called it honor," Kiefer drawled with thick sarcasm. "What kind of honor was that — the honor of serving in a Fascist army? I told them what Karl Liebknecht had said to the reactionary judges when he was tried by them: 'You talk of honor, gentlemen! My honor is not your honor (*Meine Ehre ist nicht Ihre Ehre*). And your honor is not my honor.'"

In order to avoid producing coal for Hitler's war machine, Kiefer had himself transferred above ground, from the shaft to the office, where he worked in the supply room. Sabotage in the mines, he said, was hardly known. To carry on sabotage under the conditions of surveillance that existed took more courage than Germans, even German Communists, possessed.

"The situation was harsh, the spying incessant. One sick miner who obeyed the doctor's orders to stay in bed for two weeks was sentenced to three months in an *Arbeitslager* (work camp) for doing so. A few miners heeded the BBC instructions to slow up their work, but a little passive resistance does not amount to much. The truth is that German miners dug coal for Hitler's war. Why? Because they are Germans."

Whenever he spoke of the Germans, his voice became coated with contempt and he chose the most searing words. Clearly, he was castigating himself by lashing out at his own

people, his people who betrayed him, or rather who betrayed the ideals he had invested in them. He loathed the Germans for their self-pity, their cowardice, their docility, their slavish obedience. *Knechtseelen* (souls of slaves), he called them. "There are no good Germans," he kept on saying. "Even the workers are corrupted and without guts."

He knew of the crimes the Germans committed all over Europe and the knowledge filled him with horror and shame. The Germans, he said, must be made to pay for their crimes; they must be made to suffer deeply before they are permitted to live among civilized nations. His voice trembled as he spoke of what "they" did in Poland — and when he said "they" he referred to Germans, not just to the Gestapo or SS. "What they perpetrated in Poland puts the Middle Ages to shame." His memory burned with the stories he had heard from soldiers who told about torture chambers, gas houses and murder factories. A cousin of his, a soldier stationed in Warsaw, saw the SS shoot two Jewish children and then club them to pulp with the butts of their guns.

"They," he said, with tears of rage in his eyes, "they are not human. They are *Vieh* — cattle. They have no right to be considered in the category of human beings. The butchers — the monstrous butchers! Nobody in the world but a German, a *schweinischer Deutscher* (swinish German), could commit such horrors. Never should the United States, England

and Russia forget or forgive. I know the German people, I know what swine they are. I am ashamed to be a German. I know no fatherland that is called Germany. I want to see the German nation give its last drop of blood to build up what eleven years of Nazism have destroyed."

The Germans, he said, were now trying to curry favor with the Americans by claiming that they had never supported Hitler and that even when they were members of the Nazi Party they were only "*mass-Nazis*." That, Kiefer remarked, was pure hypocrisy, typical German crawling. "Must?" he exclaimed. "There is only one *must*, and that is death. One must only die, but one cannot be compelled to do anything against one's convictions. Those who joined Hitler's party did so in order to profit from it. I know one blacksmith, a member of the Centrist Party; he was a Catholic, not a Communist, and he refused to become a Nazi. For many years he and his family hungered. I take my hat off to that man. He did not profit from Fascism, and neither did he lose his soul."

When he and his comrades used to talk about the "brutality of Fascism," they were laughed at, he said. But now the Germans were beginning to realize that Fascism meant death and destruction. "They see that Wuerstelen is a pile of ruins, destroyed by the Wehrmacht, and they know what crimes Germans are capable of. Now the innocent must suffer with the guilty. Let every German city be

destroyed as Wuerselen was destroyed. Then the people will learn to cast out from their souls this swinish militarism and this savage Fascism."

III

To show us what the "end-product of Fascism" looked like, he invited us to accompany him to the Ravensberg battlefield, just outside the town limits, which was heaped with unburied German dead. The field, he warned us, was sown with mines and a careless step meant instant death. We went to Ravensberg with him one bleak morning when the ground was freezing; we walked in his steps, swerving not an inch to the right or left. He was the only living being who had been through that field; he had mapped it out and knew the location of every mine and every booby-trapped cadaver. And as he walked, he told us the awful story of the battle of Ravensberg. It was not much of a battle, just one of those minor engagements that historians rarely record but which cost many lives and much agony.

We reached the crest of the sloping field and there was a deep concrete bunker — part of the Siegfried Line, I believe — from which one could view the red roofs of Wuerselen below. American infantry, coming up from Aachen, had stormed that bunker and set up its guns and poured shells into the town. American machine guns dominated the clear, unobstructed field, but American infantry could

not advance because of mines. The Ravensberg field became a furiously contested stretch of earth. Again and again Wehrmacht infantry assaulted, but they had to walk up the open slope, through their own mine fields, and were annihilated by American machine-gun fire. In the end a company of SS men were ordered to seize the field. They advanced, Kiefer said, with the guns of their officers behind their backs. It was death either way.

Now Kiefer guided us through the field where lay the "end-product of Fascism," young German soldiers, unburied and decaying in the cold mud. He had, as a magnificent gesture, removed all the American bodies that had fallen here — thirty-two of them — and had carried them, at the risk of his life, through the mines to the American Military Governor for honorable burial. But the German soldiers still lay where they had fallen, rotting away without recognition and without decent burial — a fate, Kiefer said, that Fascists richly deserved. I followed him through the field and stopped before the cadavers and listened to Kiefer's comments. It seemed like a grim play — a nightmare rather than reality. He had known many of those who lay there, young boys some of them, their limbs twisted in what must have been unbearable agony. Some lay in heaps of three or four, intertwined; others in stark aloneness. Some lay on their backs; others on their stomachs. All of them had their mouths open in a horrible grimace of

pain; they must have been screaming in their moment of death. Many had their outstretched fingers dug into the soil as if they had tried to crawl into the earth to ease the hurt in their guts. Within a few square yards a whole German company lay, literally cut to pieces by heavy machine-gun slugs. Kiefer's hand swept the field. "Look," he said, "Fascist dung."

He stopped before a heap of cadavers and pointed to their SS insignia. "That's the proper end for them — death — death in a mud-hole." A young officer was lying by himself, his arms outstretched. Kiefer had known him in Wuersele. He picked him up by the scruff of his neck and said grimly, "You see this thing — it was a particularly objectionable Fascist swine; it used to strut and boast of its Fuehrer . . ." And he cast the cadaver from him with a gesture of loathing. "*Misthaufen* (manure pile)," he muttered, "pfui . . ."

In Kiefer this was not callousness, but the contrary. He was abnormally sensitive to pain and suffering, and his sensitivity was covered with an ideological skin which he could not sufficiently toughen. All the world's injustice and cruelty he combined in the concept of "Fascism" (or Nazism), which he considered the most monstrous of crimes and the most dreadful of diseases. Although Germany succumbed to and embraced the vilest form of the Fascist disease, Kiefer's human nature revolted against the thought that the sickness was incurable; to accept this notion would

have meant death and, for him personally, suicide.

Even in the darkest hours of Nazi-Fascist victories, when Hitler was sitting on top of almost all Europe, Kiefer refused to give up the hope that Fascism would somehow be destroyed. Only once in all the years of oppression did he lose his faith for a moment, and that was in 1939 when Hitler and Stalin made their famous pact. That was the blackest hour in Kiefer's life. "When I heard the news, my heart sank and I trembled all over. I thought that now life had come to an end."

In his despair he talked to his Communist father who had recently been released from a concentration camp (and who died two years later of silicosis), and the parent restored his faith. "Son," the old man said, "you have no understanding and you are too young to have the wisdom that perceives things in their proper perspective. You are only a *Staubkorn* — a particle of dust — in the process of history. If you had faith, you would know that when the Russians do something they do it with a purpose."

Henceforth, Kiefer never lost confidence in the Soviets. Even Moscow's use of the German Generals on the Free Germany Committee did not shake his faith in Russia. He was convinced that Stalin was using Von Paulus and Von Seydlitz for his own purpose — the overthrow of Nazism — and that he would know how to get rid of them afterward. For the German Generals his feeling of hostility

was so strong that it led him — just once — to applaud Hitler: when the Fuehrer shot those who made the attempt on his life on July 20. "These Generals," Kiefer said with withering contempt, "had supported Hitler in all his Fascist adventures. They marched into Poland with music and drums; they devastated France; they ravaged Russia. Hitler loaded them with iron crosses and gold medals. Then he was good enough for them. Now that they know they cannot win, they are turning against him. Cannibals, they are all cannibals! And such pigs talk about a Free Germany!"

Talking about Germany's past, Kiefer expressed scorn for the standard German heroes, from Charlemagne to Bismarck. To him the only heroes were those who fought and died for their ideals, especially for the betterment of the people. He spoke feelingly of the "martyr" Etia André whom the Nazis executed in 1934 and of five other boys under eighteen who were sentenced to death in Cologne. One of those boys, whom Kiefer knew, had said to the Nazi judge, "My honor in a prison uniform is higher than yours in a judge's robes."

Despite his Communist convictions, Kiefer categorically rejected all ideas of dictatorship. "We have had eleven years of dictatorship," he said bitterly, "and that's enough." His ideal was a country wherein reigned the Four Freedoms, "as your President said in a speech. . . . For me per-

sonally spiritual freedom is more important than food. I realize that this is not a German ideal. Germans want to obey. Give a German bread, and he will gratefully cry, *Heil Hitler!* A German does not know the meaning of freedom, and even if he did he would not fight for it."

He quoted a sixteenth-century saying from the period of the Peasant Wars:

*Und setzt Ihr nicht das Leben ein,
Wie kann die Freiheit gewonnen sein?
(If you don't risk your life,
How can freedom be won?)*

IV

His hatred for Nazi-Fascism was equaled in intensity only by his admiration for Americans. He was so grateful to the Americans for having come to destroy Fascist tyranny in the Reich that he was willing to sacrifice his life to help along. "If the Americans would allow me, I would immediately put on a uniform and fight the Fascists." Even before the Americans entered Wuerselen, he did what he could to help. During the siege he wanted to seize a German battery and asked his comrades to help him. They considered the plan foolhardy and refused to participate. Kiefer, in a fit of fury, went home and smashed the gun which he had kept hidden for a dozen years against the day when he could use it in a German revolution. "My comrades," he said, "were true German *Knechtseelen* (souls of slaves), and with such

people how could one ever hope to stage a revolution? Germans being the slaves they are, what good was a gun?"

He managed to help the Americans in another way. One day during the siege several members of the SS *Leibstandarte* asked him to help them desert. His motto being *ein guter deutscher Soldat ist ein toter Soldat* (a good German soldier is a dead soldier), he assisted them in a venture which, if they were caught, would cost them their lives. He hid them in a cellar and for a few days managed to feed them. In the end they were found, which meant they were as good as dead; and he, Kiefer, had achieved his purpose of keeping them from fighting the Americans. Incidentally, he explained, the deserters were all Austrians in their early twenties; one was the son of a bank director from Krems.

Kiefer confirmed that the people of Wuersele had been waiting anxiously for the Americans to come and deliver them. "They waited as if for the Messiah. During the siege people asked daily, '*Wo ist der Amerikaner? Warum kommt er nicht? Warum ist er nicht hier?*' (Where is the American? Why does he not come? Why is he not here?) On the morning of November 17, Kiefer was sitting in his cellar with four comrades when his mother announced that German Panzers were on the street. Then neighbors rushed in with the news that the tanks were not German. They were *amerikanische Panzer*. Kiefer took out a bottle of

schnapps and he and his comrades stood up and drank a toast to the liberators.

As soon as the MG came to town, Kiefer went to the American officer and offered his services. He said simply that he wanted to pick the dead out of the mine fields and to de-mine the booby traps. The MG probably thought he was crazy, but he told him to go ahead, particularly because there were no Army engineers in town to do the dangerous job. Kiefer never asked for any compensation or reward. He developed a method of his own for removing the detonators from the mines and the wires from the booby traps. "Not everybody can do it," he said with an unexpected touch of pride. In the first three weeks he picked up 132 dead German soldiers and thirty-two Americans; from booby-trapped houses he removed fourteen German civilians, of whom only eight were recognizable. So far he had managed not to blow himself up.

I asked him what made him endanger his life like that. He said, "I want to show a little bit of gratitude to the American liberators. As for risking my life," — he shrugged his shoulders — "a man can die only once."

Joe, our driver, who understood German, was listening to Kiefer in absorbed fascination; suddenly he interrupted the conversation and asked a question that never occurred to me to ask. As a GI, he wanted to know Kiefer's opinion of the fighting qualities of the GIs. "What thinkest thou,"

Joe asked in a thick Bavarian accent, "of the *amerikanische Soldaten*?" Kiefer gave one of his rare smiles. "The American," he said, "is a *Sport Soldat*, a soldier to whom war is a sport; he is not a reckless fighter, and he is justified in being like that. Why should Americans sacrifice their lives needlessly to liberate such people as the Germans? I am sorry for every drop of American blood that is shed for our freedom. Americans should not die; they have much to live for. They live *wie Gott in Frankreich* (like God in France), as the saying goes. The Germans, on the other hand, do not have much to live for and they are not much good anyhow, so why shouldn't they die recklessly on the battlefield? I confess that during the battle for Wuerselen I thought that American infantrymen were afraid to advance. But in the Ravensberg battle American patrols went through the mine fields and into the German lines in the dead of night. Men who do that do not know fear."

Kiefer wondered whether this was not, after all, the American Century. He and his comrades had frequently discussed this subject and they came to the conclusion that the United States had something to offer to the world. It would be a good idea, he said, "*das Volk geistig zu amerikanisieren*" (to Americanize the people spiritually). He was sure that the Americans were idealistic and not imperialistic, that they were fighting Fascism *aus Ueberzeugung* (out of conviction), because they were champions

of democracy. His knowledge of American thought and literature was, admittedly, not great, but he thirsted to learn. His favorite authors, by the way, were two characteristic Americans — Upton Sinclair and Zane (he pronounced it *Tzahne*) Grey. The latter's novels convinced him that Americans were gentlemen who "treat women like ladies even in the most primitive surroundings."

Thus Josef Kiefer, avowed Communist, poured out his thoughts. He was a man of contradictions and of intense convictions. A radical who did not know Marx, a Communist who rejected the idea of dictatorship, a German who loathed Germans. His passion for righteousness set him apart from his fellow countrymen. His bitterness at his own people derived from his frustration, from his knowledge that the Germans had taken a road that led them to self-destruction and earned them the contempt and hate of the civilized world.

A few months later, I had occasion to drive through Wuerselen and I looked up Kiefer. He wore the armband of the MG-appointed police, a brooding figure walking amidst the ruins. Our conversation was not long. He pointed to the armband and said that it enabled him to keep an eye on Nazis and potential Fascists. I asked him how the situation was in town; he said cryptically that it was as you would expect it to be. "Do the people have enough to eat?" I demanded. His voice took on a note of surprise. "Why should they eat?" he asked.

Pneumonia fights

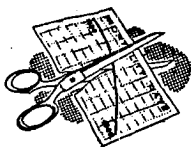
a losing battle!



Since 1934,

prompt medical care and new drugs

have halved



deaths among

pneumonia patients! But pneumonia

is still dangerous, because some kinds

defy penicillin and sulfa.



Al-

though pneumonia usually attacks those

weakened by fatigue,



unusual

exposure, or grippe, it can also strike

healthy people!



Don't Give Pneumonia a Chance!

If you start to sniffle and sneeze, take care of yourself—for a severe or protracted cold is often the forerunner of pneumonia.

Drink plenty of fruit juices, milk, and water. Go to bed if possible. If the cold is a bad one, or hangs on more than a few days, consult your doctor.

Pneumonia's first warning is often a severe chill, followed by a fever. It may already have attacked if you have coughing accompanied by pain in the side or chest, rapid, labored breathing, or thick, rust-colored sputum.

If any of these symptoms appear, call a doctor at once! Go to bed and remain absolutely quiet!

Only your own physician can determine whether it is advisable to use serum, sulfa drugs, or penicillin in your case. Even then they should be used only under his direct supervision.

Unfortunately, certain infections such as virus pneumonia do not respond to such aids. In cases like these, *prompt diagnosis and medical and nursing care* are even more essential, and will increase tremendously the probability of recovery without serious complications.

While medical science is helping to bring pneumonia down in the "cause-of-death" list, its *prevention* is still up to you! For further information about pneumonia, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, 16-L, "Respiratory Diseases."

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of your booklet,
16-L, entitled "Respiratory Diseases."

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker,
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

Leroy A. Lincoln,
PRESIDENT



1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

COPYRIGHT 1945—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FRAGMENTS OF A WAR

By BERNARD SEEMAN

GUAM: June 12, 1945.

There is an old Chamorro woman sitting on her haunches. You do not know her name — you can hardly remember what she looks like, except that her face is grooved with lines of accustomed suffering and her eyes have the strange, unnatural brightness of those who have long forgotten rest.

Around her is the calculated ruin of war: the wreckage of an inoffensive village; the torn, ulcerated earth; the grotesquely swaying trunks of decapitated palm trees. But the old woman squats on her haunches and pulls weeds out of her tiny taro patch as women like her have done for ages past.

Lazily conscious of their enormous power, great B-29s thunder across the sky in precise geometric patterns. And over the roads clanks the endless procession of machines that, for the moment, are the highest expression of our mechanical civilization. But for this woman, these things roar by unheeded.

She raises her eyes only for a moment and stares full at you as you pass.

Then they slide off, expressionless, as though you are not worth the seeing, and return to the weeds that remain.

For a moment you are hurt and wondering — then you realize that to this woman the taro represents food and life. And life, however primitive, is infinitely more important than the most refined instruments of death.

Men die, but life must keep renewing itself. Here, amid the wreckage, you can see how primal is the urge for survival. It is a human instinct — a natural, animal function that intensifies in direct proportion to the threat against it — and it is done automatically, without conscious thought.

So you find swarms of children, women pregnant, women tilling, clotheslines sagging under clean laundry, a water-buffalo dragging a plow through a fresh field — and an old woman squatting in her taro patch, plucking weeds.

Iwo Jima: June 19, 1945.

This is an island that has paid for itself in lives saved. But its initial cost was death.

It is a ghastly, unreal fragment of

BERNARD SEEMAN, a war correspondent who served as special consultant on Japan for the Office of War Information, is a frequent contributor to leading magazines. He recently returned from a tour of the Pacific.

earth and you wonder by what mischance it ever found its way to this planet. The soil is black volcanic ash that has been ground to dust. Harsh, prying particles that eddy in swirling clouds, penetrating everything.

White smoke rises from the ground, acrid sulphur fumes pouring upward from subterranean volcanic fires.

Even the rocks and boulders seem unreal — jagged, pock-marked lava whose grotesque shapes parody forms you somehow seem to know.

And, mating with this unreality, is the man-made reality of war.

Alone, at twilight, you wander down the beach to examine the Japanese defenses at the base of Mount Suribachi. There, amid the litter of smashed cannon, broken pillboxes and scattered ammunition, you suddenly wonder what it was like when these pillboxes were manned and their rapid-firing cannon, machine guns and mortars were spraying death all along the length of the black-sanded beach.

Our men came ashore here — and fell. But more came until, by some strange miracle of human persistence and courage, they overwhelmed the impossible and won.

Now the beach is empty of human sounds. The shadows lengthen and there is nothing living in sight. Suddenly you are overcome by the weird feeling that you are the last person alive in a world that has just come to a catastrophic end. Around you are strange shapes and broken things. Smashed landing craft, ships and amphibious tractors are being pounded

to bits by the implacable surf. Under foot are shrapnel-scarred rocks, battered chunks of concrete, twisted pieces of steel and — here and there — some personal thing that a man, now gone, once used. A blanket, a worn shoe, a fragment of toothbrush, a stub of pencil. And over all this hangs a sticky, cloying smell — clinging like a shroud.

Manila: June 24, 1945.

Not long ago this was a great metropolis, the pride of a rising people showing the world they have a right to be free. Now it lies shattered, burst over the earth, stark proof of the destructive might of high explosives at point-blank range.

Its people are still here, holding handkerchiefs to their faces as shields against the thin, white dust that rises from the ground. Thin, white dust held lightly in the warm, humid air. Once this dust was walls and pillars and great new structures that made a people's heart sing freedom. Now it is a noxious thing that they hold off lest it choke them.

But in Manila, as everywhere, life is persistent. Men and women cling to their ruins, scraping them out and making them habitable once more. Patching with scraps of rusty metal, odds and ends of lumber, moldy canvas and even primitive thatch.

And here, as in Guam and the other war-ravaged places you have seen, there is a multitude of children. They are barefoot, many of them naked, and cute — as children the world over

are cute. Sucking their thumbs, they stare at you with the all-embracing wonderment that is one of the miracles of childhood — and then run off to play in the shambles.

Celebes Sea: June 29, 1945.

You are on a tiny, cramped LCI (Landing Craft, Infantry) that is bobbing gallantly through a blue void of spaceless sea. For many days you had been lying at anchor off some incredibly picturesque islands in the Sula Archipelago — lush green islands with storybook names like Tawi Tawi, Sanga Sanga and Bongao.

Sturdy Moros had come out from their coastal villages in outrigger praus, bringing rippling swords, fruits, pearls and many other things for barter. Trading had been friendly, though hectic, and the war indeed was far off, if not forgotten.

Then, one morning, you awake and there is no land — only cobalt swells running out to far spaces. A small ship heading south in a vast sea. Destination listed "Top Secret."

Time passes with its many unanswered questions and one day, at noon, you are standing at the rail watching for flying fish when your eyes suddenly fix on a forest of masts and spars climbing out of the horizon from west, north and east.

Orders are shouted, men move swiftly to stations and glasses are trained.

Now you can see the first ships — aircraft carriers, then cruisers, transports, destroyers — hundreds of ships

of war crashing out of invisibility toward their rendezvous on the open sea.

The pattern of water and sky is broken, the horizons torn apart and the sea sliced, divided, then subdivided as this torrent of ships draws close, constantly changing direction as they maneuver with wonderful precision into convoy formation.

Suddenly, in the midst of all this terrible metamorphosis, the water breaks some fifty yards to port and two whales appear. Huge things, beautifully formed, that play with graceful indolence for a few unbelievable moments in which the crowded sea seems utterly empty of all else and completely their own.

The next moment they are gone and all around you is war.

*Macassar Straits, off Balikpapan,
Dutch Borneo: July 1, 1945.*

You come to deck at early dawn and see an incredible sunrise bursting red through thick, black clouds. Great ships are around you, tossing lazily in the eerie light, their guns strangely silent. You wonder about this — why they are not firing — because you know that the pre-invasion bombardment was to begin at daybreak. Puzzled, you continue to watch the angry red glow low on the horizon.

Suddenly you are startled by a new light rising swiftly from behind you. You turn in confusion at this impossible phenomenon — two sunrises on opposite sides of the sky.

Then, violating the weird peace of

this strange double-dawn, blossoms of red, orange and yellow unfold from the ships around you, followed by great bursts of sound like the slamming of giant doors.

The second dawn has signaled the opening of the barrage, and all at once you realize that the first sunrise had been no sunrise at all but the flames of a burning city.

A ridge before Balikpapan: July 2, 1945.

As you climbed the white, sandy slope, the ridge was shaken by a great explosion ahead. Speechless, you watched a giant pillar of red flame and thick, black smoke rise hundreds of feet into the air, then gradually, almost reluctantly, subside. The Japanese had blown up an oil dump in the far valley to hold up the advance of the Australian Seventh Division.

Now you are on the crest of the ridge, looking down on a scene so beautiful and terrible that you must grope for words to describe it.

You stand under a clear blue sky, in the full, familiar sunlight. But below you, in the valley, is a hideous darkness you have never seen before and, you pray, may never see again. It is dense and turbulent, an impenetrable blackness that blots out sight. And deep within the smoke, dull red flames boil up in lewd, suggestive shapes that writhe in endless change.

Suddenly a breeze springs up and, for a fractional moment, the smoke parts, revealing the shape of a bent, tortured tree. Quickly the smoke closes and the brief picture is gone.

Then another break in the smoke and another picture. This time the shambles of a house cooking in quick hot fires. Instantly it vanishes to be replaced by another stark picture — then another.

They follow each other in crazy, unrhythmic succession — weird fragments flashed briefly before your vision, then pulled back into the tantalizing horror of the smoke. You try to turn away but you cannot. Hypnotized, your eyes dart back and forth in terrible fascination.

This, you realize, is what Hell itself must look like.

The same ridge, later in the day.

Now you are in a foxhole — stunned, motionless, not daring to breathe. Close overhead is the chirp of Japanese machine-gun bullets, a sound like the rush of swift-flying insects. Bullets spatter sand upon you — into your eyes and mouth, into your clothes. Others thwack into a coconut log behind your foxhole. You lie still, twisted, uncomfortable — making yourself as small as possible.

Gradually you become aware of the Australian infantryman close beside you. His body and face are pressed desperately against the fragile sand that separates him from the invisible machine gun. As you watch him, you realize that he is alone — utterly, utterly alone.

Ages ago — or was it only a few moments? — in the unnatural peace that preceded the counter-attack, the two of you had been chatting —

"Having a yarn," he called it — about his home in West Perth. Now you and home are millions of miles and countless eons away. There is nothing but himself.

Then, as you continue to watch him, a fundamental truth bursts upon you. Wars, however great their scope and intricate their over-all planning and execution, are ultimately decided by individuals — hungry, weary, frightened individuals who struggle through filth and pain and hardship, intent only on the intensely personal problem of survival. And those who can survive best are the ones who win.

A few days ago you had been briefed on the plan of battle. It was a huge, complex mechanism, built up from many interrelated actions, all operating on a closely-drawn time schedule that had to be followed through with split-second accuracy.

At such and such a time the preliminary bombardment would begin. At such and such a time, so many planes would drop so many bombs on these designated targets. At such and such a time rocket ships would make their sweep, then the following brigades would land on the following beaches — Yellow, Red and Green — seize and secure the beachhead and move inland to take the following objectives. . . . It went on and on, cold, precise and emotionless as a mathematical formula.

But as you moved forward with the men who were to fulfil this plan, you found that the plan itself began to fall apart into company actions, platoon

actions, section actions and squad actions — each with a progressively smaller fragment of the initially great plan — until finally you got to the individual soldier in his foxhole — that Australian boy less than a foot away from you — and by then the plan had been reduced to its most elementary atom and simply ceased to exist in any recognizable form.

The world becomes fearfully small as you huddle in a foxhole. Plans vanish; space, time and people vanish. There is only you, alone, lying in a tiny world bounded by the rim of sand around you. Within that world is a thin edge of safety, and outside that world is death, constantly seeking to intrude itself in many unexpected ways. You have only one thought — one hope: survival.

Momentarily the fire subsides. The Australian slowly lifts his face from the sand, rubs his eyes and becomes aware of you once more. He is a husky lad, in his twenties, stolid, courageous, with a dry, incisive wit. You like him and you find yourself admiring him because he seems so calm and nerveless.

You wonder . . . and instantly he reads your mind.

Unclenching his hand from his rifle, he holds it before your face. It is shaking — not trembling, mind you — but shaking with a horror all its own.

You watch, fascinated, then look at him, completely at a loss for words.

"That," he grimly explains without a trace of tremor in his voice, "is from being shot at for three years."

This is the man — the tiniest fragment of the giant plan — but he is the ultimate and decisive ingredient of victory.

A Southwest Pacific Island:

July 19, 1945.

You know this island. Not long ago it scarred the world's headlines with its story of furious battle. It was a turning point — a great milestone on the road to victory.

Now it is peaceful. The jungle is prolific and soon repairs its scars. Men walk erect and planes drone lazily overhead — friendly planes — our planes. The enemy is far off.

Here is a hill which took a ghastly toll in agony and blood. Now it looks like any other hill, with nothing to distinguish it but a newly paved road running to its crest and a club where men may gather for relaxation and to read accounts of some newer battles.

It is a green, quiet, peaceful island — a “stateside station,” as its men now laughingly call it. The war has passed it by.

Like so many other remote Pacific islands, this island, too, now has its cemetery. Clean and fresh and blessed with peace. Its grass is cropped and the graves are well tended by quiet natives — primitive men in lava-lavas who move with slow, solemn, measured dignity.

You walk along the ordered rows that ripple off into the distance. Neat white crosses and, side by side with these, the six-pointed Stars of David. Then more crosses, and more stars — mingled, mixed up. They lie as they died — together, in the same cause. Men of many faiths, races and of colors, side by side, not questioning each other's right to lie there. For here, at last, they found the universal brotherhood for which they fought.

WINTER IDYL

BY DAVID MORTON

THE dry-lipped grass curls back
And bares the pitted stones,
And the tree, in its new lack,
Bares, now, its angular bones.

Man looks — and looks away
From earth, to a bleak sky,
Where, high above the day,
The last geese, going by,

Pass the horizon's rim;
And man, remembering where
A door will welcome him,
Turns, in the darkening air,
And takes him there.

FACTS ABOUT ASPHYXIA

By PAUL W. KEARNEY

ONE afternoon recently a baby was delivered in a certain hospital. The record of medication on the mother's chart indicated an odd's-on chance for a "blue" baby — and this one was as blue as they come. The resident physician tried unsuccessfully to make the child breathe. Finally the anaesthetist offered his assistance. Requesting a few simple pieces of standard hospital equipment, he went to work quickly. A rapid examination of the throat with a laryngoscope, the deft insertion of a tiny tracheal tube attached to an oxygen machine, and in two minutes the "blue" baby had turned a normal pink — in ten minutes he was crying lustily.

It is rather disconcerting to think that this child would have been dead in a few minutes, although attended by trained medical personnel, but for the fact that *one* of the group knew what to do and how to do it. It is even more disconcerting to learn that in the following month exactly the same thing happened twice again in the same delivery room — in these instances the rescuer being an outside

specialist and not a regular member of the staff.

Thirty thousand newborn babies are lost annually because of the same disability that affected these three: asphyxia. And at least another 20,000 cases of asphyxia result each year from drowning, smoke and gas poisoning and electric shock.

All of this leads the layman to wonder if we should not hold up the current parade of medical miracles long enough to spread the teaching of a simple technique. Fifty thousand lives — perhaps more — could be saved annually by the application of a rudimentary principle. In simple, everyday language that principle is: Give them air!

Recently in an Eastern roadhouse, a girl got up from a table, started for the ladies' room, and fell unconscious. An ambulance was summoned, the interne whisked his stethoscope over her and pronounced her dead. Unfortunately it was the coroner instead of the young doctor who discovered that a piece of steak had lodged in the girl's throat, causing asphyxiation.

PAUL W. KEARNEY has been editor of several business magazines and for the past fifteen years a contributor to trade and general periodicals. He is the author of four books and many popular articles on fire prevention and automobile safety.

The number of lives sacrificed to *unnoticed* obstructions in the windpipe is legion. Such obstacles are extremely common: they may come from a spasm of the jaws and muscles in the throat; they may be caused by blood, fluid, vomitus or other extraneous matter. Fortunately more and more enlightened physicians are entering the vital field of resuscitation where they belong, but there is still much progress to be made.

"The death rate for asphyxia," says Dr. Paluel J. Flagg, chairman of the American Medical Association's Committee on Asphyxia and president of the Society for the Prevention of Asphyxial Death (SPAD), in his recent medical text, *Art of Resuscitation*, still remains "a reproach to the practitioner of medicine: first, because of figures available from municipal and vital statistics; secondly, because the medical profession has practically turned over the treatment of asphyxia to a non-medical personnel."

Ever since Elisha breathed life into the Shunammite child, we have known the value of "mouth-to-mouth" insufflation, and it has doubtless saved millions. But we have graduated to mechanical means: inhalators, respirators, iron lungs and similar aids which are tireless and efficient. Right now, in fact, we are suffering from too much involved machinery in lieu of medical skill. The layman may think that all the rescue man has to do is to slap a pretentious-looking piece of apparatus on the victim and give him the works. But inhalators and mechanical respi-

rators, despite their conceded virtues, have one major flaw: they cannot think. They never stop operating long enough to wonder if the oxygen they are supplying is really getting into the patient's lungs where he can use it, or just into his stomach where it expands his body but does no good; they never ask if there is some obstruction in the windpipe which makes all effort futile. They don't know when to start and where to stop. A further grave danger of the mechanical respirator which employs positive pressure is that this device may easily blow the obstruction down the airway into the lung.

II

The full technique indicated for asphyxia is beyond the realm of the layman, but much of it lies within the scope of the trained technician, such as a member of a rescue squad. Briefly, it involves first an examination of the throat, preferably with a laryngoscope, to detect any block; then the removal of foreign matter by simple mechanical suction, or the by-passing of the obstruction caused by jaw muscles and teeth by means of a rubber nasal tube. This tube, attached to an oxygen bag, will make certain that the air so sorely needed will get directly into the back of the throat and into the lungs. The equipment is simple and inexpensive. Much of it is found in every hospital operating room today, and it should be in every ambulance and life-saving station.

Until that equipment arrives at the scene of an accident, however, there are some things an intelligent layman can do to aid an asphyxia case. Primarily, he should never forget that summoning a physician is the first rule of first aid. In some cases, oxygen via the tracheal tube administered by the trained technician or physician is the only remedy.

Secondly, the layman should know that there are three distinct stages of asphyxia, each calling for different treatment:

1. *Depressed Stage*: a state of mild shock; circulation and respiration are good; the patient can swallow, cough, or blink his eyes but is in a stupor, from which he can be aroused temporarily only with difficulty. The best thing to do is to keep the patient warm and quiet. Do not give artificial respiration; it can do more harm than good — he'll come around of his own accord.

2. *Spastic Stage*: Here the jaws are clenched; muscles rigid; and the victim cannot be aroused. Frequently there is bleeding from the nose or mouth and often vomiting which may obstruct the airway. The Prone Pressure method of artificial respiration should be employed immediately and continued without interruption until skilled aid arrives.

3. *Flaccid Stage*: Jaws are relaxed; the patient is unable to cough or swallow; there is little or no respiration; the heart rapidly failing from lack of oxygen, this man is really "out" and will die in a matter of minutes unless expert medical care is forthcoming. Prone Pressure is not likely to accomplish anything here, but it should be tried on the long chance that it may help. What this patient needs, and quickly, is oxygen via the tracheal tube.

A depressed patient is not likely to become spastic, but a spastic one can quickly become flaccid. In this third stage, it is important to examine the victim's throat, using a flashlight if possible, to see if any obstruction is visible. If there is, you may be able to reach down the patient's throat and pull the obstacle out with your fingers — something which cannot be done in a spastic case because of the muscle spasm. If you cannot extract the object this way, roll the victim over on his face and give him a sharp whack between the shoulders in an effort to dislodge the foreign matter.

In drowning cases, incidentally, don't waste time trying to get water out of the victim's lungs by rolling him over a barrel, jack-knifing or otherwise manhandling him. Any water that may gush forth comes from his stomach; if there's any in his lungs, it won't come out until air replaces it.

Another point for the layman to remember is that, in asphyxia, death does not necessarily coincide with the apparent cessation of breathing. As the late Yandell Henderson once expressed it: "The engine is merely stalled and needs to be cranked." This is why artificial respiration, where its use is indicated, should never be given up while there is still a glimmer of hope. Persistent first-aiders have employed it without a break for as long as seventy-two hours before their efforts were crowned with success.

It should be noted, of course, that lack of oxygen (anoxia) may be the result of causes other than physical

obstructions. In carbon monoxide poisoning, for instance, the gas destroys the function of the red corpuscles which carry oxygen through the blood stream, thus making it unavailable to the body's needs.

The drunk is in a somewhat comparable situation, since the alcohol temporarily interferes with his oxygen supply. But he can be sobered up very quickly by the administration of oxygen, whereas the carbon monoxide victim needs carbon dioxide as well.

Interestingly enough, the aviator's symptoms of anoxia at a high altitude are exactly the same as the drunk's. The need for oxygen sometimes begins at altitudes of 10,000 feet, or even lower, long before the flyer realizes it. The more rarefied the air becomes, the better he feels. In test chambers men often whoop, sing, giggle and make faces at nothing, just before they lose consciousness. When subjects are required to write running diaries during these experiments, their last words, in an almost undecipherable scrawl, invariably are, "I feel wonderful." Yet if oxygen is not supplied quickly, they will be dead in a few minutes.

There might well be a keener appreciation among laymen of the vital importance of oxygen and the limited reserve supply we carry. The body uses a bit more than half a pint of pure oxygen a minute, and the reserve supply in the lungs is a little over a pint. The oxygen in the lungs is about equal to that inhaled in five breaths, each breath comprising about a pint of air, one-fifth being oxygen.

Without oxygen, then, you have about two minutes to live. If more people realized this, perhaps fewer would be sacrificed to open heaters in closed rooms; to entering a burning building; to well-meant but ill-conceived attempts to rescue someone overcome by gas. Last summer, for example, a workman dropped a wrench into a Sanitation Department garbage pit in New York. Another man went down after it and promptly keeled over. Two fellow workmen rushed in — and dropped on top of him. All three were dead by the time a rescue squad arrived.

"Poison gas," said the reporters. But it wasn't. It was just lack of oxygen. It has been demonstrated time and again that decomposing fruits or grains consume oxygen at a terrific rate, reducing the ratio in ship holds from a normal 20 per cent to less than 2 per cent. And when you're breathing only 2 per cent oxygen under the exertion of working, your minutes are numbered!

III

All this may seem a far cry from the blue baby in the delivery room, but it isn't: It's all asphyxia. Your wife is going to be confined soon? Well, just ask your doctor what kind of equipment his hospital has ready to meet the asphyxial hazard. Quote him, if you like, from the statement recently sent to the Maternity, Health and Child Welfare Directors throughout the country by the SPAD:

We regard resuscitation of the newborn on a par with or of greater importance than the Caesarean operation which may have preceded it. For of what use is a Caesarean if the baby dies? Many courses in operative obstetrics are provided. We believe that correct artificial respiration should be broadcast upon a national basis.

In any case, ask your doctor who will take charge of the baby immediately after delivery — and whether this person is skilled in the techniques of intubation and insufflation. And be sure to ask if that hospital has a trained team which practises resuscitation drills periodically. No hospital staff should be without this knowledge and training, but many still are — even when the simple equipment required is available. Medical men have too long relegated this critical task of resuscitation to laymen. Certainly one of the surest ways to make hospitals conscious of their dereliction is to have more and more prospective parents ask pointed questions about these matters.

Another wholesome trend would be for rescue squads, industrial safety men and volunteer first-aiders to begin badgering their local doctors or medical groups for instruction in these techniques. It is Dr. Flagg's opinion that the administration of oxygen by nasal tubes is simpler and more effective than the correct use of an inhaler, and there is no reason why the procedure should not be taught to those so intimately connected with life-saving.

The day of the young interne who stands idly by while first-aiders labor

over an unconscious victim is passing. Now the physician who does nothing is offering tacit testimony that he does not know what to do. It was in the hopes of speeding his extinction that the Society for the Prevention of Asphyxial Death (SPAD) was organized with the blessings of the American Medical Association. Although never properly financed, the organization has accomplished much in reviving the study of this neglected topic in medical schools and hospitals.

During the New York World's Fair, the SPAD equipped and operated a Department of Pneumatology (anaesthesia resuscitation, inhalation therapy) which, aside from its emergency work, served as a model for many of our more alert hospitals. Indeed, no effort is too great or too trivial for this indefatigable group so long as it furthers interest in resuscitation. It contends that every theatre, railroad terminal and other public place should have oxygen on hand in some readily usable form. The medical director of one of the leading motion picture theatres in New York City, after one of the members of the SPAD had discussed this idea with him, promptly adopted it. Shortly thereafter he reported that the new oxygen supply had saved the lives of two cases suffering from heart attack.

If SPAD could enjoy only one-tenth the support accorded many other worthy medical causes, it would go a long way in cutting the present shameful toll of 50,000 asphyxial deaths every year.

DOWN TO EARTH

BY ALAN DEVOE

Snowshoe Rabbit

IF A naturalist were to seek some single symbol of the northern winter — some one creature of outdoors whose name at once conjures the crackling blue-white silence of the north woods on a January day, the snow-bowed cedars and hemlocks, the curling of a man's breath like smoke in the frosty stillness, the squeak and crunch of walking boots on powdery snow — if he were to cast about in his mind for the one creature somehow peculiarly symbolic of all such scenes and occasions, he might very probably select the snowshoe rabbit. This is the “varying hare” of the textbooks, the *lepus americanus* of mammalogy. But to almost any outdoorsman the animal is the snowshoe rabbit: the long-eared white hunter of the white silences that bounds away over the drifts almost as swiftly as the wind-whipped snowflakes themselves. This is the small white animate dot, cheery and companioning, that enlivens landscapes of darkly somber evergreens, palely wintry sun, and the gray scud of snow-wrack. This is the animal that wears upon its feet, as an outdoorsman must himself in the winter wilderness, a pair of snowshoes, and comes whisking efficiently over the drifts to wrinkle its nose at his campfire in

weathers when no other beast stirs from the shelter of the firs and all birds but the chickadees are frost-numbed in huddled silence.

Only the mildest disposition to symbolism is required, as a matter of fact, to see the snowshoe rabbit as symbolic not alone of northern wintriness but of a good many other aspects of nature and natural truths and tendencies. Wabasso (which is the northwoods Indian name for this larger cousin of the cottontails and second-cousin of jack-rabbits) contrives to be — by virtue of his dramatic alterings of seasonal coat, from warm grays and tawnies in summer to snow-whiteness when the winter comes — a particularly clear and suggestive reminder of the fact that all nature is a perpetuity of flux and change. He is a living and constant representation of nature's repose-in-progress, and a conjuror of the old twin awes in the face of nature's paradox of everlasting stability and simultaneous never-the-same-ness. Wabasso is likewise an arresting symbol both of the strength and the triumph of life (for the proliferation of varying hares is something so stupendous that in the great “wave” years, which periodically recur throughout the animal's range, a

man might easily go out and kill five hundred of them in a day without making a visible reduction in the populace) and of the strength and the triumph of death (for when the "wave" is to subside there comes rushing among the varying hares an epidemic plague of such fearful effectiveness that a "trough" year of the cycle may find whole territories in which there does not remain one single snowshoe rabbit alive). Wabasso, gentle-eyed and herbivorous and fond of play, makes a suggestive symbol of the enduring peace that men have ever found at nature's heart; and in the mating season the male rabbits, furious and squealing, locked in fights in which they seek to disembowel each other, are usefully symbolic of the fact that the great peace of nature's totality is maintained at the price of a raging of many small battles within its organic whole. Wabasso's fantastic feet, which give him snowshoes to walk on the drifts, are symbolic of nature's adaptiveness; and of natural prodigality there is a symbol not only in Wabasso's own multitudinous births and deaths but in his immemorial furnishing, to northern man, of a bounteous food-supply in that grim season when "winter prowls through the woods and raps upon the trees with his death-club."

It is hardly surprising that the Indians, inveterate symbolists, should have made the snowshoe rabbit the central figure in a hundred myths and legends and quasi-religious observances. Any animal, looked at thought-

fully, suggests all the implications of philosophy and raises all the riddles of life; but Wabasso perhaps does so more insistently than most. The gray and bitter days of northern mid-winter are a time for long, long thoughts. What more likely to be their starting-point and focus than this little white animal (so lately brown), that is now almost the only stir of life to attract attention in the snow-hushed and mysterious world? It is not peculiar that throughout the north woods there should be the legend of a mythic hero, Glooscap or Clote Scarpe, whose essential nature is held to be that of a trickster-transformer. It is not peculiar that his emblematic shape — his symbolic appearance under which he represents all the paradox of change and stability, all the wonder of nature's adaptations and transformisms and cyclic recurrences — should be that of a snowshoe rabbit.

II

A snowshoe rabbit commonly lives out the whole of its small, quick life on a very small patch of earth. A dozen acres or so suffice to contain its travels and adventurings of a lifetime. From the time it comes into being, as a small brown infant in a litter of three or four that first open their eyes in a casually fashioned nest-place in a stump or under a stone or in a leaf-lined hollow, until that day when its dim little rabbit-consciousness winks out and is restored (as an Indian might

insist) to the Archetypal Rabbitness at the back of creation, it may hardly undertake any wider wayfarings than can occur in one big tamarack swamp or one big open-gladed willow thicket. Nor does this restricted adventuring involve any striking psychic acute-nesses, any bright cunning or sharp ingenuities, as in the case of a cotton-tail. The snowshoe rabbit is not a witty strategist, its life made exciting by dodges and back-trackings and such adventures in elusion. The snowshoe rabbit escapes its enemies mostly by simple speed, and by the curious endowment of its hind feet. It thrives by protective coloration, by omniv-

orousness and by fecundity. Its success, that is to say, is very little a success by private wisdom; it is a success by participance in the general wisdom of nature. But the modes of that maintenance, characteristically enough, are on a lavish scale. Where nature allows a dawning gift of reason, she withdraws other supports. Where reason flickers dim and uncertain, her more basic superintendences are compensatingly strong. To maintain a snowshoe rabbit, docile and unilluminated, for its little lifetime on its little acreage of wilderness, she performs immensities of insurance.

There is the matter of the snow-



Snowshoe Rabbit

Frank Utpatel

shoe's food. Wabasso has no requirement to explore outside his small area of earth, and no need of fearing starvation when the snow lies deep. A snowshoe rabbit can subsist not only on clover and grasses and leaves, but on very nearly anything else whatever. Snowshoe rabbits eat poplar bark, willow bark, birch bark. In a pinch, they can eat the violently pungent cedar and spruce — eat it in such quantities that their flesh becomes so tinctured with rosin as to be humanly inedible. With water they can dispense entirely. There are records, exceptional but undeniable, of snowshoe rabbits, in the deadliest and bitterest weather, stealing the frozen meat from traps that had been set for carnivores, and eating *that*. Not for nothing has the snowshoe rabbit the legendary character of trickster-transformer. His diet can be as unstable as the color of his coat, and with as effective a triumph.

The change of coat, of course, is the rabbit's most arresting endowment. It was supposed among naturalists and outdoorsmen for many years, indeed until quite recently, that the actual color of the hairs changed, with the passing of autumn into winter, as a human being's hair gradually silvers with the passing of his years. Wabasso's change, however, is in fact a molt of one coat and the growing of another. The chemistry of the change is very strange. If, for instance (as has been observed and recorded by Dr. J. A. Allen), a snowshoe rabbit is bereft in autumn of a tuft of its fur,

as the result of a fight or other injury, the new fur which grows in as replacement will be snow-white, in anticipation of the general all-over change to winter pelage, which may still be many weeks away. Conversely, in the early spring, a lost tuft of white fur will be replaced with a growth of tawny brown, in anticipation of the coming summer coloring. Wabasso's winter coat is heavier than the summer one. Not only does the color change, but the consistency of the fur as well, the hairs for winter being longer and thicker, with a dense-packed under-fur. Brown in summer so he may hug the earth and "disappear" — white in winter so he may hug the snow and similarly vanish — wrapped in a new and cold-imperious pelt as every autumn deepens — a snowshoe rabbit has been as favored by nature in the matter of fur as of food-supply. The winter furring extends even to his feet; and this effects the second most remarkable of Wabasso's endowments.

A snowshoe rabbit's feet are something like twice as big as a jack-rabbit's or a cottontail's. Proportionately to the rabbit's size, they are even larger than that. The toes, instead of being compactly together, are splayed wide-spread. With the approach of winter, new white fur begins to grow abundantly on the rabbit's feet, until finally, by snow-time, it has "feathered" them into broad, soft, light pads that can carry the rabbit over the most powdery drifts without sinking. Wabasso in winter goes equipped

as might a man who wore a pair of small and unimaginably light snowshoes (made, perhaps, of aluminum) enwrapped in a covering of fluffy down. The deer may get stranded and stalled. Even a great stilt-legged moose may bog down in the blizzard-blown whiteness. The small snowshoe rabbit can go his fleet way, making his great ten-foot bounds, and only dimple the drifts. He can also, should the odd need arise, swim as powerfully as though he carried a pair of paddles.

It is an old and natural metaphor to speak of nature's providing for the welfare of a creature. But it is only accurate to remark, along the lines of this metaphor, that the ultimate object of nature's providing is the whole welfare of the totality of things — the maintenance of the serene entirety — above and beyond (and, as it may seem, against) the welfare of the particular and individual. Each creature has its welfare; but creatures are ingrediential. There is a larger welfare of the whole. It requires no very illuminated philosophical insight — the northwoods Indians have attained it, and with no little refinement of realization — to perceive that creaturely things must die, in order that, so to speak, the creation in entirety may live. The individual life of a snowshoe rabbit is something of a triumph and a success. But it is possible for it to be so because individual rabbits die.

And die they do. They die by

myriads. Wabasso is preyed on by hawk and owl and lynx and fox, by dogs and men and weasels and any other predatory thing that may occur in the snowshoe rabbit's territory. Parasites internal and external, in incredible abundance, thin down the rabbits' numbers: ticks, worms, fleas, lice and a dozen others. Every fang and talon in the woods is against Wabasso, from the great horned owl at midnight to the swift ermine. Should he evade them all, and begin to multiply until his numbers approach a "wave," then epidemic death. Wabasso is at nature's disposal; and, as is her custom, she deals with his species with wild strong strokes: protecting him exceedingly; multiplying him exceedingly; killing him exceedingly.

There is a certain fitness in the fact that the snowshoe rabbit, symbol of the northern winter whatever else an Indian or a scientist may fancy him to symbolize, should have an intimate linking with the bird that is the equivalent symbol in feathers: the little black-capped chickadee, his fellow-darer of sub-zero weathers and the drifting whiteness. When a chickadee builds its northern nest in a birch-stub, it likes to line it with soft warmth. The fur of the trickster-transformer Wabasso, so bewilderingly changeful, takes on a final symbolism of natural flux and the inter-weave of nature's shifting life when it becomes, as it regularly does, the insulation for a nest of new young birds.



COLONIES AND WORLD PEACE

BY PAUL BLANSHARD

WHILE the sixty-odd sovereign nations of the globe drift toward a two-bloc world with all the cheerfulness of a man in a rowboat on the brink of Niagara Falls, the 600,000,000 to 700,000,000 people of the earth who do not have national governments of their own are deciding which bloc to join.

Some of these colonial peoples, as in Indonesia, are starting their own last-ditch wars, and they want to know where the United States stands in respect to their claims. Whatever we may think of those claims, it is clear that they cannot be ignored. It is too late to turn back the clock to an isolationist world. Hiroshima ended all that. The colonies are our business because peace is everybody's business and because they are parts of an interdependent world.

The present colonial crisis finds the United States singularly unprepared to assert a policy with any conviction. As a people we are confused and puzzled when we face the question of Europe's empires. When the Indone-

sian nationalists opened fire on Dutch and British troops in Java, and the fire was returned from trucks painted with USA labels, many Americans were disturbed and angry. Painting out the labels seemed a poor remedy. American money and power were being used directly or indirectly in a war which we had not sanctioned and whose ends we had not endorsed. But, while most Americans wanted desperately to stop all this sort of thing, they had no idea how to do it. They did not even know what was behind the Indonesian mess.

The war has taught us a much-needed lesson, that the colonial problem is not simple. For us there are no whites and blacks in the picture any more — except anthropologically. Scratch a simple-looking native nationalist and you may find a sophisticated Moscow-trained professional. Look behind an urctuous speech from a European throne on the virtues of imperial philanthropy and you may find nothing real except frightened old men and oil dividends. Even the

PAUL BLANSHARD was from 1942 to 1945 a State Department official in the colonial Caribbean, and consultant to the United States Section of the Anglo-American Caribbean Commission. He is the author of several books on economic subjects, and is best known for his New York City graft investigations as head of the Department of Investigations and Accounts in the first La Guardia administration.

language of discussion is all mixed up. The basic terms of the imperialist-freedom argument do not mean the same thing to different people. Churchill, Nehru, Truman and Bilbo spell freedom with the same letters. The concept of self-government is tangled up with sacred cows not only in India but elsewhere.

One thing is certain; the current explosions in the colonial world are not casual or incidental. They are symptoms of an almost universal discontent with a system of undemocratic rule which Americans would refuse to accept for themselves. The darker peoples who have lived under the white man's rule for several centuries are coming of age politically, as witness, again, what is going on in Indonesia. They have learned that loyalty to European colonial powers in two wars for "freedom" has not paid off substantially in democratic dividends. In many cases colored majorities are challenging white minorities with arms.

The methods of the struggle should not obscure the moral issues involved. When native rebels carve up a white warrior while he is still alive, that is unfortunate but incidental. The issue is self-government, and the crisis has long been overdue.

In a world where nationalism had become the dominant religion we certainly cannot expect all the colonial peoples to be unbelievers. Nor can we expect them to bomb and burn their rulers with any less ferocity than those rulers bomb and burn each other.

II

To appreciate the complexity of the current issues we should glance at a few of the colonial trouble-spots. Here are some condensed notes on four of them:

1. *Java*. Most crowded land in the world; 48,000,000 or about 949 to the square mile. Mostly Malays of Mohammedan faith. Dutch colony defended by British. Little democracy. Illiteracy about 90 per cent. Rubber, tin, oil, sugar. Occupied by Japan, 1941-1945. Indonesian rebellion began in August. British engaged in full-blown civil war, using Indian soldiers, tanks and planes. Wilhelmina renews 1942 pledge of eventual dominion status, but is doing very little about it.

2. *Hongkong*. British crown colony in the middle of China's seacoast. Population 1,027,000 Chinese and 24,000 others. Held by Japanese from 1941 to 1945. Chinese bitterly resent British return. British return anyway. Claim they have developed port and benefited China. True, but so what? Roosevelt protested and was told to mind his own business. When will the shooting start?

3. *Indo-China*. French colony with little democracy. Population 24,000,000, three-fourths Annamese. Rice, rubber, tin. Vichy collaborated with Japan here. European prestige damaged. Annamese started rebellion in September. Demanded universal suffrage, proclaimed republic. French compromise rejected. Shooting general. British and French shooting together.

4. *Burma*. Population 17,000,000. Rice, tin, oil. British dependency and province of India until 1937. Promised dominion status. Considerable self-government but Japs conquered the Burmese mentally and physically. Puppet government included some of country's

best minds. Traded on slogan: "Asia for the Asiatics." Declared war on Britain. British back now but uneasy. People know British are superior to Japs, but how much? Powder magazine.

These are only samples. There are more than one hundred colonies in the world and they will nearly all be trouble-spots if the present contagion continues to spread. In general, a few white men rule these colonies and millions of colored men obey sullenly. Probably there is not one of them in which the people would not vote themselves more power at the expense of the "mother country" if they had the chance, even at considerable cost to their local economies — and that includes our own Puerto Rico.

In view of these critical times, should we help Europe to save her empires?

In a certain sense we have saved these empires already, not as empires but as *nations*. In the last war the European powers were our allies against Hitler; and because we were all in the struggle together we became the defenders of their soil automatically whether we liked it or not. We defended the empires against *external* foes although we had no intention of defending them for Europe against their own peoples.

Probably we will keep on defending these empires as *nations* because it would be too dangerous to permit transfers of territory between great powers by force. It is not that we love empires more, but war less.

Meanwhile, having committed ourselves at San Francisco and elsewhere

to protecting the empires of our allies as sovereign nations, we must face the question whether we are willing to save them in any other sense. When rebellions break out in places like Java, we are faced with three general lines of policy.

(1) We can actively assist the European powers or the natives in the struggle.

(2) We can say nothing and do nothing.

(3) We can work aggressively for international economic and political trusteeship as a stage in the evolution toward self-government.

A policy of active assistance to European powers against native movements would find almost no support in the United States. We do not want to pull colonial chestnuts out of the fire and any use of American troops in that direction would encounter overwhelming opposition in Congress. To be sure, this policy of non-intervention in behalf of Europeans against natives might be modified if we became convinced that any given "native" rebellion was a puppet-show rigged up by an outside power. That issue is a bridge which we must cross when we come to it.

Military intervention by the United States on the native side is no more likely than on the imperialist side. Ordinarily the average American is all "for" the native rebels in any rebellion against European power, much to the annoyance of the British, French and Dutch. But this reaction is not usually based on anything more

profound than a sportsman's sympathy with the underdog and the fact that our nation came from a colonial rebellion in the first place. The attitude is wholesome but not very helpful in a tinder-box world.

Obviously, our real choice of practical policies lies between a hands-off attitude toward Europe's colonies and an aggressive diplomatic campaign for strong international trusteeship for *all* colonies. I use the words "aggressive" and "strong" because there is no point in a feeble campaign or a weak and inadequate system of international control. We should either let the problem of European colonies alone or adopt a policy that is clear-cut and definite — then work hard for it. Thus far we have done neither.

The hands-off policy has a number of able defenders inside and outside the administration. Every time a British, French or Dutch diplomat discusses the subject, he is likely to stress the fact that the empires are Europe's affair and that the empires are doing very well, thank you, in extending democracy to their native peoples without our help. There is substantial truth in this claim, especially in the British Caribbean, but it still does not obviate the need for a world-wide American policy.

More effective than any argument for ignoring the problem of empires is the prevailing national mood in the United States. We are war-weary. We are busy with new economic fears. The demand of colonial peoples for more rights seems to many a minor

annoyance compared with the atomic bomb. And why try to solve the problems of Surabaya and Hongkong when we have Detroit and Mississippi?

But we know in our hearts that we cannot in the long run dodge our share of responsibility for colonies in an interdependent world. The danger of another world war is too great. We know that any world organization worth creating must give real participation to the subject millions.

III

Then what form of international organization for colonies should we advocate? Most of the current answers to that question smack of a "far-off divine event, to which the whole creation moves." Divine events should not be expected in the field of international co-operation after San Francisco and London. Theoretically and ultimately we should have world government for everybody, including the colonial peoples, but a genuine world government presupposes democracy in the constituent parts, civil liberties and the whole-hearted allegiance of all the great powers. These conditions do not exist, and if we wait for their realization before we set up an international organization for colonies, the explosions of discontent may reach atomic-bomb proportions.

We may as well stop wishful thinking and set to work to save the only organization in the field which has any practical usefulness as an immediate instrument, the Trusteeship Coun-

cil of the new United Nations Organization. It is, true enough, a rather pitiful instrument as it stands — nice words and empty pigeon-holes — but if we cannot make it work, there is not much hope that we can make more advanced forms of co-operation work.

The Trusteeship Council does not officially change the present power structure of imperialism at all. It would not with certainty keep the Dutch from shooting the Indonesians in Java, or the French from shooting the Annamese in Indo-China. It does not absolutely guarantee any right to native peoples except the right to complain and be investigated.

But that right is fairly important if defended in good faith; and with proper development the Trusteeship Council might accomplish great results in lifting the colonial peoples toward self-support, self-government and self-respect. It has three advantages:

1. It is controlled by the Assembly of the United Nations Organization and not by the great-power Security Council, and its membership must include at least as many non-imperial as imperial powers. The Assembly has enough talking rights in connection with colonial problems to permit ventilation of the worst colonial grievances, and it cannot be blocked, as the Security Council can, by a one-power veto.

2. The Trusteeship Council is built for indefinite expansion. Although it was designed originally for *mandated* territories only (taken from our en-

emies in the two world wars), the charter specifically provides that the Council can supervise also any "territories voluntarily placed under the system." No state is *obliged* to put any colony under the Trusteeship Council, but all the powers can put all their colonies under it, if they wish, and pressure by American public opinion at this critical moment might start the procession.

3. The Trusteeship Council has a handsome set of objectives; and all the powers by accepting the charter are committed to those objectives to the hilt. The charter says:

The basic objectives of the trusteeship system . . . shall be . . . to promote the political, social and educational advancement of the inhabitants of the trust territories, and their progressive development toward self-government or independence as may be appropriate to the particular circumstances of each territory and its peoples and the freely expressed wishes of the peoples concerned; . . . to encourage respect for human rights and for fundamental freedoms. . .

There it is in black and white! The moral obligation is overwhelming. The scope of responsibility for supervision is wide enough to include all major maladjustments. There are, to be sure, plenty of technical loop-holes through which the imperialist powers can squirm, but there are no moral loop-holes. It would seem that the sensible program for believers in colonial freedom and welfare is to work for the inclusion of all colonies of all empires within the scope of this Trusteeship Council as soon as possible — and

then to work for the investigation of colonial grievances by that Council and the discussion of those grievances by the new Assembly. Of course, the administration of each colony under this system would remain in the hands of a single power, but the acts of that administering power would be subject to criticism and review.

Is there any chance that the European powers will put their colonies under this trusteeship system? That depends upon the play of political and economic forces during the next few months. After the London Conference last summer nearly all believers in colonial progress were bogged down in despair. No nation at London made any move to submit her own colonies to trusteeship, and several glared angrily when the subject was even mentioned. Trusteeship was good enough for Italy's colonies, but as for ours. . . !

Then the colonial explosions spread through the East like a chain of fire-crackers. The European powers had waited too long to carry out general pledges of self-government "when the colonial peoples are ready for it." Now the demand for the redemption of pledges is arising not only from native rebels but from liberals in the home country. What precisely did the British Labor Party mean when it talked for a generation about colonies as trusts? Trusts for whom? These are questions being hurled in one form or another from back benches in Parliament at a Labor Party Prime Minister who has been a member of the Social-

ist Fabian Society since 1908, and who supported the whole international program at San Francisco. Likewise the Dutch liberals are demanding to know what Dutch royal promises mean. It was Queen Wilhelmina who pledged a new deal for Dutch colonies in 1942 in the form of a four-part Imperial Council in which Surinam, Curaçao and the East Indies were to have a share with the home country.

And this is where Russia and the United States come in. Strangely enough, they are not entirely on opposite sides of the fence on this particular issue. They are both critical of European imperialism — for different reasons. Russia, having no strictly colonial empire of her own, seems to favor trusteeship under control of the five great powers, which would give her a hand in every region where trusteeships were established without the annoying supervision of a reasonably democratic Assembly. Russia voted against the temporary trusteeship committee proposed by the other powers at London but expressed support for the trusteeship idea.

The United States is the one nation with democratic ideals which can come to the approaching sessions of the United Nations Organization in London with enough moral force to tip the scales in behalf of a democratically supervised trusteeship program. We have done something even better than to offer our "colonies" to a Trusteeship Council; we have passed a law giving the Philippines legal freedom in 1946 (if they still want it); and

President Truman has asked Congress to let Puerto Ricans decide their political future for themselves by popular choice. These two moves have made a tremendous impression upon the colonial world, and we are now in a position to exercise world leadership in colonial reform.

IV

But is our State Department in a position to exert leadership? There is no doubt about the high moral motives of the Department's leaders, but there is doubt about their ability to enlist the trust of colonial peoples. Our officials must know what the colonial peoples are thinking in order to champion their aims intelligently — and their present fund of knowledge is very meager indeed.

The theory of our empire diplomacy in the past has been that the way to "understand" the colonial problem is to talk to people in London, Paris and The Hague. We need representatives in these capitals, but we also need first-hand knowledge on which to base an understanding of the colonial peoples themselves. Such knowledge can come only from the peoples' leaders. Thus far it has not been considered quite proper for any representative of our State Department to get acquainted with an honest-to-goodness Negro mass leader in a European colony. It is time we stopped being proper and became intelligent.

It is obvious that our representatives cannot be propagandists for or

against any particular government or policy in the colonies of friendly powers, but we have a duty to know more about the 600,000,000 to 700,000,000 submerged peoples and what they are thinking about. At present, our diplomatic manpower in colonial areas is too appallingly weak and meager to supply our government with any adequate basis for a colonial policy. In the whole Dutch colonial empire before the war the State Department had only nine officials, less than the total for Latvia. When rebellion broke out in Java, we had one aging consular officer in the entire Dutch East Indies — and nobody at all in Indo-China. In the whole of British colonial Africa the State Department has less than one-ninth as many officers as in Mexico City alone. This under-representation in colonies is typical of our past neglect. In our diplomatic strategy we have completely ignored the colonial peoples as possible democratic allies in a world of power blocs.

The colonial peoples are not pawns in an imperial chess game but human beings in their own right — living, breathing, hungry millions of militant patriots who have learned how to dream and hate. Their aspirations for immediate independence are not always practicable in a world which is already suffering from too much national fragmentation, but they are at least entitled to self-respecting rôles in an international community. Until they are given such recognition, the world cannot expect peace.

THE STORY BEHIND THE NAZI DEFEAT

BY WILLIAM BAYLES

THE story behind the German defeat, and indirectly behind the Japanese defeat as well, is the story of the strategic bombing attack on Hitler's oil supply — how 191,256 tons of bombs dropped in ten months on 87 vital oil targets knocked Germany out of the war. It began in the spring of 1944 when the U. S. Strategic Air Forces reached full maturity. Before that time only 5,670 tons of bombs had been directed at German oil targets, the Achilles heel of the Reich. The heat was turned on when General Carl A. Spaatz dispatched his memorable cable of June 8, 1944, to the Air Forces: "Primary strategic aim of U. S. Strategic Air Forces is now to deny oil to enemy air forces." Oil plants were selected as top-priority targets and were to be hit as systematically and severely as air strength permitted, with sufficient frequency to insure their being kept out of production.

The oil situation in Germany during the war was anything but favorable. An official German review, dated July 1939, states that at that time Hitler had available for use only:

480,000 tons of aviation gasoline, enough for 3.1 months of war;
350,000 tons of motor gasoline, enough for 1.9 months of war;
760,000 tons of marine diesel and fuel oil, enough for 4.8 months of war;
308,000 tons of auto diesel oil, enough for 2.2 months of war.

With his entire stock pile only 1,898,000 tons, Hitler was obviously in a poor position to begin a long global war. His position, however, was not hopeless. Energetic efforts to increase German crude oil production raised the output from 230,000 tons in 1932 to a peak of about 1,000,000 tons in 1940. *Anschluss* with Austria gave the Nazis access to additional producing areas, and discovery of the Prinzendorf field in the Vienna basin enabled them to push Austrian production to 1,100,000 tons; Rumania and Hungary accounted for another 800,000 tons.

But German and Danubian production together never exceeded 2,800,000 tons in one year, and to keep his war machine going Hitler needed three times that much. Furthermore, none of the crude oils available yielded aviation grade gasoline.

WILLIAM BAYLES has spent many years traveling throughout Europe as a correspondent and was recently an official American observer in Germany. He has written for many magazines and is the author of *Caesars in Goose Step*.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To solve his oil dilemma, Hitler developed his synthetic industry. The Four Year Plan and later the Karin Hall Plan were basically oil development plans. The Karin Hall Plan provided for synthetic plants to give Germany an ultimate capacity of 4,638,000 tons, which with her other sources would have seen her through the war. In fact, total production in the first quarter of 1944 was at the rate of 8,000,000 tons per year. Synthetic plants were producing 3,800,000 tons, providing 47 per cent of her supply.

The Germans depended on two principal synthetic processes: the Bergius hydrogenation and the Fischer-Tropsch. The two systems differ only in method; both are based on the conversion of coal. In the hydrogenation process, part of the coal is decomposed into coke, liquids and gases, and part is treated with steam to make hydrogen, which is subsequently combined with coal derivatives under high pressure to produce oil. In the Fischer-Tropsch process, coke or brown coal is blown with steam and either air or oxygen to prepare hydrogen and carbon monoxide, which are then allowed to combine in a chemical reaction to produce a high-quality crude oil.

The end product of both processes is oil in its various forms, but hydrogenation was vastly more important because it alone produces aviation grade gasoline. The sixteen hydrogenation plants of Germany produced 99.7 per cent of her aviation gasoline,

the ten largest accounting for 80 per cent.

The synthetic plants provided good targets for bombing. A Fischer-Tropsch plant with a production capacity of one tank car of oil every three hours occupies about 100 acres of land and consists of lightly constructed installations, some of which are over 100 feet high. A hydrogenation plant is usually more compact and, because it operates under high pressure, the equipment used is heavier and therefore harder to destroy. Both types of plants have miles of overhead and underground pipe lines, in addition to tanks, gasometers, water coolers and other bulky, vulnerable equipment. The Germans made the mistake of locating about one-third of their synthetic oil production in western Germany within easy bombing range of Britain, apparently assuming that the Luftwaffe could retain supremacy in the air in that area.

Hitler's entire war time-table can be analyzed today in terms of his oil gauges. When Poland was invaded in 1939, seven large hydrogenation plants and seven Fischer-Tropsch plants were already operating, and four other hydrogenation and two Fischer-Tropsch plants were under construction. These and several lesser plants produced 1,280,000 tons of synthetic oil products in 1939, and, during the "phoney" war stage, plant capacity was increased to 1,900,000 tons annually.

The Polish campaign required little oil and Hitler's stock pile rose. He did

not plunge westward into France until all the hydrogenation plants under construction were in operation. Consumption rose to about 100,000 tons per month during the French campaign and to about 135,000 tons during the Battle of Britain. But Hitler was not worried because production stayed approximately level with consumption, and his stocks were adequate for several months' requirement. After a considerable lull, during which stocks were built up to about 1,500,000 tons, he invaded Russia and for the first time consumption exceeded production. Stocks had dropped to 800,000 tons by January 1942 and remained low throughout the Allied African campaign, with consumption steadily exceeding production. Heavy oil stocks captured by Germany were disappointing. In France only 245,000 tons of aviation gasoline and 309,000 tons of motor gasoline were seized; the loot from Russia was so insignificant that it was not even listed in German oil reports.

In order to recoup his oil stocks, Hitler was forced to change from offensive to defensive warfare, cancel his bombing program against England, and order the belated construction of new synthetic plants in eastern Germany and Poland. By recklessly forcing Hungarian and Rumanian production, he managed to push this to 2,000,000 tons for a short time — with permanent damage to the fields. These measures enabled him to build up his oil stocks to 1,380,000 tons by April 1944. Then came the Allied oil offensive.

II

The destruction of Germany's oil targets was no easy task. It was the grimest fight to the death ever attempted by an air force. Everything German ingenuity and skill could fashion was thrown into the defense of the oil plants. The Germans knew what was at stake. The most complete systems of camouflage ever seen, smoke screens, anti-aircraft and searchlight belts augmented by batteries of guns assigned to individual plants, and concentrations of fighter planes with orders not to attack any bombers except those obviously heading for specific oil targets, were used in the defense of these plants. Vital plant machinery was covered with reinforced concrete "doghouses" capable of taking a direct hit from a 500-pound bomb. Tanks and other fragile equipment were surrounded with blast walls capable of absorbing blasts from a near-miss of a 1,000-pound bomb. Nor was it a case of smashing a plant and crossing it off the list. The Germans gave top priority to repairs; even during raids work went on to get the plants back into operation. Germany knew that a constant oil stream meant her life blood.

The determination backing the Allied air battle and Germany's tenacious struggle to recover are perhaps best illustrated by a blow-by-blow account of the attacks on a typical German plant — the great Leuna works near Leipzig, which produced about 35 per cent of Germany's avi-

ation and motor gasoline. Because of this plant's vital importance to the German war economy, it is safe to assume that repair work was never held up by lack of material or labor. In the first attack, on May 12, 1944, 490 tons of bombs hit the Leuna works and production dropped from 100 to zero. On May 28, when the plant was showing signs of recovery, a second raid, in which 133 tons of bombs were dropped, knocked it flat again — but only for six days. At this time the management drew up a recovery plan that would have returned the plant to 75 per cent production in twenty-seven days. This goal was actually reached in twenty-nine days. Four days later, the Fortresses were back with ninety-three tons of bombs and production dropped back to zero. The plant's recovery capacity was still strong, however, and it was back to 51 per cent production in eleven days on a plan which called for 80 per cent recovery in thirteen days. At this point a fourth attack, knocked it out for three days. It had achieved 35 per cent recovery when two more attacks on July 28 and 29, in which 2,954 tons of bombs were dropped, stopped all production again. This time the Leuna works' recovery was slower, and five additional attacks kept production at zero until October 15.

A recovery schedule drawn up by the Germans at this time foresaw 50 per cent production by the middle of December. Despite two light attacks, this schedule was kept. Production had reached 29 per cent of normal by

November 21, when Attack 14, in which 503 tons of bombs were dropped, smashed it back to zero again. Five additional attacks kept it there until the end of December, when operations were resumed on a schedule that called for 30 per cent recovery in one month and 45 per cent in two. Recovery had reached 15 per cent when Attacks 20 and 21 on January 14, in which 2,413 tons of bombs were dropped, knocked the plant out of action for thirty-eight days.

Still not ready to admit defeat, the Germans again started repairs on a schedule that called for the re-opening of the plant on February 21 with 20 per cent of normal production in one month and 30 per cent in two months.

This schedule lagged slightly, reaching 20 per cent on April 4 when Attack 22, in which 1,113 tons of bombs were dropped, knocked out the plant for the ninth and final time. Allied occupation prevented further recovery. Each of the oil plants had a heart or vital section — including the compressors, gas purification system and power plants.

Air crews naturally aimed for these sections which, if destroyed, would put a plant out of operation for a long period. In a few cases bull's-eye hits on them were scored, the most notable example being the important Bottrop hydrogenation plant owned by Hugo Stinnes. Here eight 1,000-pound and three 4,000-pound bombs dropped in two raids on September 27, and October 31, 1944, scored

direct hits on the seven heavy compressors through which all hydrogen necessary to the process had to pass. The plant closed down permanently because replacements were impossible. In most plants, however, the damage was repairable, but valuable time and production were lost while repairs went on. At Leuna, for example, more than 5,000 breaks in pipe lines were caused by bombs. These, of course, had to be repaired and tested before the highly inflammable gases and liquids could again be circulated.

The effect of bomb tonnage on total production was as follows: During May, June and July of 1944, 18,053 tons of bombs were dropped on oil targets. Production dropped from an average of 662,000 tons per month to 422,000 tons. Alarmed, the Germans sent swarms of fighters into the air to battle our attacking forces. Gasoline consumption, as a result, rose sharply. Reporting to Hitler on July 8, 1944, the German Air Force Staff declared:

The greatest danger lies in the threat to the fuel supply. Here the destruction of a relatively limited number of targets would result in completely paralyzing the German Air Forces, all motorized units, the military and civilian means of transportation, and the Navy.

But this was only the beginning. During August, September and October, 29,265 tons went down and production dropped to 253,000 tons. With November and bad visibility, it was more difficult to hit the targets and the Germans had a respite which allowed them to recover slightly. But

these handicaps were not allowed to interfere with Allied air activity. To overcome bombing inaccuracy, more bombs were dropped — 23,922 tons in November, as compared with 8,858 tons in August. By the beginning of December, oil production was again plunging downward and it reached an all-time low of 80,000 tons in March — barely enough to wet the tank bottoms of Hitler's aircraft motorized land equipment and submarines.

Most of the plunge in total production resulted from damage to the gasoline-producing hydrogenation plants. Here production fell from 316,000 tons per month when the attacks began, to 107,000 tons in June; 17,000 tons in September, and 7,000 tons in March 1945. The Fischer-Tropsch plants, too, were almost completely knocked out. Their output fell from 43,000 tons per month in May, to 27,000 tons in June; 7,000 tons in September, and a mere 4,000 tons in March. Only forty tons of high octane gasoline were produced in March, and none at all in April. Thus, in ten months, the synthetic oil industry, which Germany had nurtured with seventeen years of hard work and vast amounts of material, was rendered virtually useless.

III

Realizing that, despite Goering's assurances, the Luftwaffe could not keep the Allied bombing fleets from reaching their targets, Hitler belatedly

decided to disperse and hide his oil industry. On May 31, 1944, Edmund Geilenberg was appointed General Commissioner for Emergency Measures and given the job of putting the oil plants underground. "He is responsible," Hitler decreed,

for tackling with a generous supply of manpower and material and reckless energy the work turned over to him. The speed of the work is not to be impaired either by governmental or regional obstacles.

The vastly over-publicized German underground oil program was a classic example of "too little and too late." It called for the construction of seven hydrogenation plants underground and one above ground, with a total capacity of 92,000 tons of aviation gasoline and jet-propelled airplane fuel per month. Three of the plants never got beyond the blueprint stage; two were dropped before construction was started; one was switched to synthetic nitrogen production, and the war ended before excavations for the remaining two were finished. A more complicated underground fuel plant, designed to produce 19,400 tons of aviation gasoline per month, was planned at Niedersachsenwerfen. It was to have been built in a gypsum cliff, together with a V-1 and V-2 factory, Junker's aircraft assembly plant, and liquid oxygen plant. When Germany surrendered, the tunnels for this plant were three-fifths completed and only a small amount of equipment had arrived at the site.

When they realized that these plants

would never be completed in time to stave off defeat, the Germans resorted to fantastic measures, one of which was the erection of thirty-six small units in the hills and woods, after the style of Kentucky moonshine stills. These midget plants, too widely scattered and camouflaged to provide bombing targets, were each run with steam provided by three or four captured Russian locomotives. Similar units were set up in bombed-out industrial plants where the actual wreckage camouflaged them. Ten small Fischer-Tropsch plants were built in or near cities to utilize municipal gas works in making motor gasoline out of carbon monoxide and hydrogen. Their total production would not have supplied one good-sized American service station. Other desperation measures included attempts to extract oil from shale.

The Nazi underground program failed because it was started too late and because the severely damaged transportation system made it impossible to transport building material and equipment. Exactly one year after taking on the task of putting Hitler's oil industry underground, Edmund Geilenberg was found running a small bicycle repair shop in northwest Germany.

American air strategists did not realize the completeness of their victory until investigators were able to see the German plants and talk with leading Germans. Then it was clearly irrefutable that Hitler's defeat in

World War II was brought about

principally by the destruction of his oil industry. When interviewed on June 27, 1945, Field Marshal Wilhelm Keitel declared that the Germans had not expected the invasion of Poland to involve them in global war — a fact which is confirmed by the position of the gauges on their oil storage tanks at that time. "In the case of Russia," Albert Speer, German Minister for Armament and War Production, said when questioned on May 30, 1945, "the need for oil certainly was a prime motive for the attack in 1941." That need also contributed to Russia's victories later. Had it not been for lack of fuel, Speer declared, Upper Silesia would not have been lost and the Russians might have been held for a long time. At one time, he added, 1,200 German tanks were concentrated against the Baranow bridgehead, but there was only enough fuel to refill their tanks two to three times. Consequently they were soon immobilized. The Italian fleet was kept in port because it could not be allotted sufficient fuel for a major action.

The shortage of aviation fuel hampered the Luftwaffe directly and indirectly. The bombing offensive against England had to be called off. The air training program was discontinued in September 1944. Because gasoline could not be afforded for properly training pilots, they were sent into the air with forty hours of flying — sitting ducks for our well-trained crews. When interrogated on

June 29, 1945, Goering stated that the Heinkel 177, Germany's bid to equal the Fortress, had to be grounded because it consumed too much gasoline.

Field Marshal von Rundstedt revealed that the situation in the army was even more chaotic. Tanks and armored vehicles were transferred to assigned positions at the front by horses or oxen; all trucks were required to pull trailers; gas generators were fitted even to Tiger tanks; every motor trip exceeding sixty miles had to be approved by a commanding general; a general speed limit of seventeen miles an hour was imposed.

Led by the U. S. Strategic Air Forces, the Allied Air Forces required only ten months to knock out the German oil supply and make Hitler's defeat inevitable. The results, when it was possible to survey them, were so impressive that they were immediately rushed to Washington. It was reasoned that the same results obtained in Germany could be achieved even more rapidly in Japan. On the basis of the evidence presented, it was decided to postpone the full-scale invasion of Japan, and to see if she, too, could be knocked out of the war by a concentrated offensive against her oil. This strategy proved more than satisfactory. Japan's bombing planes were largely grounded and her far-flung armies were immobilized when the use of the atomic bomb gave her an excuse to quit.



FARMING WITHOUT SOIL

BY ROSS L. HOLMAN

THERE was once a time when farming without dirt appeared as fantastic as seeing without eyes. It was considered not only impossible but unthinkable — something the imagination would never try to imagine. But today hydroponics or soilless farming is already nine years old and bears promise of making densely populated countries with limited agricultural lands self-sustaining, thus eliminating one of the chief breeders of war.

Like many other scientific discoveries of the later 'thirties, hydroponics went to war. For a few years much of its development was either blacked out by military secrecy, or overshadowed by the more dramatic events of battle, death and national anxiety. But as an instrument of war it did its part in keeping the guns firing and the dive bombers bombing.

Although the idea of growing vegetables and even field crops by "chemiculture" is probably more than a half-century old, it was only in 1936 that W. F. Gericke, a University of California professor, made what is usually considered the first successful demon-

stration of the method. His first plan looked so cockeyed to the University authorities that they told him University funds could not be risked in such experimentation. Not to be outdone, he set the experiments up in his own back yard at his own expense.

The neighbors saw him knocking together a number of long rectangular containers that resembled hog troughs but were called "tanks." When the spectators tried to pry out of Gericke information about what he was doing, he was as silent as the Sphinx.

Several months later, however, the neighbors saw growing out of these same trough-like tanks tomato stalks twenty-five feet high, bearing huge tomatoes in grape-like clusters. The professor had to harvest his crop with a ladder! What amazed the curiosity seekers most was neither the altitudinous stalks nor the ponderosity of the fruit, but the fact that these stalks did not have a speck of dirt around their roots and were growing out of the water in the tanks.

The principle followed is a simple one: the water contains the same plant

ROSS L. HOLMAN, born and reared on a farm in Middle Tennessee, has combined agriculture with a career of editing and writing. Since 1939, when he resigned as editor of a farm magazine, he has contributed articles to approximately 150 publications.

foods upon which plants make their growth in soil — phosphorus, potassium, nitrogen, calcium, etc. The tanks have a wire netting spread over the top just barely above the water level. On this netting is spread a coating of straw or sawdust or peat moss or some other absorbent litter. This coating is kept moistened with water and on it the seeds are sown; the moisture makes the seeds sprout and send their roots down into the treated water. Since the water can be treated with all the nutrients required by any particular vegetable in exactly the proportion needed, growth is much more rapid than in soil. Practically all our soil is deficient in some of the needed plant foods. Thus, when nourished by an ample chemical diet, the plant acquires an incredible ambition to grow. That, in brief, is the theory of soilless farming.

II

One of the chief advantages of hydroponics is the fact that it will grow about twenty times as many vegetables or field crops on the same area as soil. Another advantage is that it will produce crops in any part of the earth where they will not normally grow by the natural method. In many parts of the recent world battlefield, chemiculture gardens have grown twenty tomatoes where none grew before. They have provided our troops with lettuce, spinach, peas, cucumbers and a great variety of vegetables on bleak desert islands, volcanic areas

and other Godforsaken places. It made no difference what the ground surface was like, just as long as it would hold a tank of water.

During the war the hydroponics program in the combat areas was conducted by Major E. W. Elliott, of the War Department's Supply Planning Division. Hydroponics gardens, tended by soldiers in their free time, were set up in the Philippines. One installation is located on Christmas Island, just north of the Equator and almost due south of Honolulu. Then there is Johnson Island, a coral patch used as a landing hop, southwest of Hawaii. Hawaii itself is enjoying green peppers and other vegetables which the natives have never before been able to call "homegrown." According to Major Elliott, these soilless gardens filled war needs for fresh vegetables so completely that area commanders called for them much faster than they could be set up.

Over in the Philippines the soilless method was used to prevent diseases which are present in the soil from being transmitted to people consuming the vegetables. The gardens were set up all over the islands by two teams of trained hydroponics experts. Seed and chemicals were flown in by plane. The vegetables most successfully grown there were tomatoes, beans, carrots, cucumbers and radishes. Major Elliott believes that from these experiences will rise one of the most important peacetime industries in America. He also believes that such war-starved countries as Greece could be quickly

rehabilitated along the food line by setting up soilless gardens to feed the people in blocks of 20,000.

One of the most notable war successes, however, was on Ascension Island. This island was the halfway hop between South America and Africa, used by our planes in what was probably one of the most urgent missions of the war. It was a mid-Atlantic spot which our government just had to use to transport food, planes, munitions and other supplies to our battlefronts, and on it a huge strategic airfield was built for the purpose. This little speck on the map played a vital part in crushing Rommel in Africa and blasting the Nazis out of Italy.

To feed a permanent garrison and civilian personnel of 2,000 men on fresh shipped-in vegetables would have been a herculean task. Growing the vegetables there in the natural way was just about as unthinkable as sprouting hair on a tombstone. Ascension Island looks like a huge clinker dumped into the ocean by a volcano. It is thirty-two square miles of volcanic eruption full of lava and ash.

To handle these water-born vegetables for our servicemen and employees, the government sent to this island Dr. Kendrick Blodgett, of Terre Haute, and a few hydroponics aides. Until early in 1945 the project was just about as dark a secret of our military operations as anything connected with the war. Within a short time after landing there, the GIs were eating tomatoes and spinach along with their canned peas and succotash;

later they had sweet peppers, radishes and cucumbers growing in their own back yard.

The entire garden project, covering about 30,000 square feet, is composed of long narrow trough beds sliced out of the lava soil instead of lumber-made tanks. The hydroponics beds are 400 feet long, three feet wide and seven inches deep; they are coated inside with asphalt to prevent water loss. There are twenty-five beds with cinder-covered pathways between. Taking them in order, each bed is slightly higher than the next one so that water can drain out of each one into the one just below it until the lowest bed is reached. Water for the purpose is distilled from the ocean, stored in a reservoir on a nearby hill, treated with the essential plant-food chemicals and fed into the beds by a six-inch pipe. These beds differ somewhat from the tanks used by Gericke in his California experiments in that they contain an aggregate of cinders to act as a holding medium for the roots instead of just plain water.

After this aggregation of beds was set up by Blodgett, there was still one thing lacking. There were no insects on the island to pollinate the vegetables — until a hive of bees were drafted and flown in by plane.

III

Although hydroponics has had a pretty thorough tryout, it has not yet had a fair chance in practical farm applications. Before the war a few hobby

pushers got some pretty good results. One apartment owner grew a fine soilless roof garden on top of his building; others learned how to mix the complicated chemical formulas and had varying success in their back yards.

When the method was first announced, many starry-eyed newswriters had hydroponics doing many imaginary things that its inventor had never dared claim for it. Some of them had soilless vegetables growing in pantries so that the housewife could step in, jerk off a few clusters of beans and dump them in the skillet. Another journalistic dreamer had lettuce and cucumbers growing in dresser drawers, sugar bowls and coal bins.

One successful application of the idea was carried out by the Pan-American Airlines on Wake Island before the Japs took it over. On that sandy waste far out in the Pacific all the thirty-two employees, air crews and passengers in transit were served hydroponics vegetables while waiting for the planes to be serviced. This project was handled by one of Professor Gericke's pupils.

Another spectacular prewar success with this method was accomplished by Ernest Brundin, an ex-college professor of California. He set up a bevy of tanks in greenhouses in order to produce on a year-round scale, and grew eighty-three tons of tomatoes per acre which sold at an off-season price of \$500 a ton. He started them in the fall, gradually stepped up the crop as winter advanced, reached the peak of production in the peak of winter,

tapered off in the spring, and in the summer went fishing.

In out-of-season products hydroponics can really hit its stride. An expensive greenhouse can be filled with tanks and made to produce ten to twenty times as much as by the natural method. Dr. Gericke says that by this system greenhouses can also multiply the production of flowers.

Soilless farming, of course, has both advantages and disadvantages. As we have already noted, one of the advantages is an ability to grow several times as many vegetables as on the same area of soil. The operator is not bothered with weeds or costly cultivating implements. As compared with the ordinary sod-busting, hoe-slinging type of agriculture, it holds out some alluring prospects. The vegetables are much bigger and better. Since the plant food chemicals can be controlled on a precise basis, the food value of all tank garden products can be stepped up to their maximum possibilities. This certainly is an asset of great value since food products grown in soil-deficient areas are woefully short on many important food elements.

As a general farming procedure, hydroponics will probably not displace the traditional soil-tickling methods of agriculture. It costs about \$4,000 an acre to set up operations with the necessary tanks, chemicals, temperature controls, etc. Out-of-season vegetables require greenhouse protection, which will run the investment up to \$20,000 to \$25,000 an acre. That is not so bad when you realize that 2,500 bushels of

potatoes to the acre can be grown instead of the average 116, but it is not an inviting field for a man with shoe-string capital. Besides lots of capital, it also takes intensive training in soil chemistry, plants and special techniques.

IV

Field crops will respond as successfully to hydroponics treatment as vegetables, but the success, according to the University of California scientists, is more agricultural than economical. Their conclusion is: "It seems highly improbable, in view of the present cost of water culture installation and its operation, that the crops grown by this method could compete with cheap field crops."

Professor Gericke himself says the system is economical for some crops while for others it is not. There is no immediate prospect of hydroponics creating any serious dislocation in our present farm population. Nor is there any foreseeable prospect of our rich crop lands being turned back to weeds and bushes or playing second fiddle to a bevy of tanks and test-tube shakers.

Hydroponics, however, has proved its ability to meet a number of needs that regular farming methods cannot fill. The scientists who have ushered this newborn baby into the world summarize its possibilities in this way:

For growing out-of-season or luxury vegetables it can do a remarkable job, multiplying the usefulness of a greenhouse at least ten- to twenty-fold.

On desolate islands or other waste areas that have to be used for airplane stops, weather stations, fueling bases for ships, etc., it can provide an abundance of food for service personnel. Professor Gericke believes that the desert can be made to blossom as the rose — except that it will blossom the hydroponics way. He says that in the hot blistering sun of desert areas plant insects cannot live, and they will be excellent places to produce soilless vegetables. Rainfall will not be necessary because all the water that will be needed is only enough to keep tanks filled. Hydroponics will eliminate expensive irrigation projects.

In congested cities with limited gardening space it can produce an abundance of vegetables in back yards or on roof tops and may create a new industry. These vegetables, having been given full chemical nourishment, will have maximum food value, much greater than shipped-in vegetables that rapidly deteriorate in quality.

It is more economical than long-distance shipping, at the same time preventing the transmission of diseases from the soil, and serving as a fine medium by which the chemical needs of plants grown either in water or soil can be checked.

Yes, hydroponics has a great future and a big enough job to do, without destroying our normal agricultural way of life. It has already served its purpose as an aid to the war effort. Since its peacetime possibilities are now wide open, it is a development that will be interesting to watch.

IDAHO NOCTURNE: 1909

BY JAMES STEVENS

I WRITE now in November, on my birthday's morning. I remember another November, and a birthday's nightfall.

Just turned seventeen, I stood in the lantern light of a bunk tent, sure of myself as a man among men.

We were a construction outfit on the move in the fall rains of the Idaho desert. Now, before crossing the River Snake, we had pitched tents for overnight.

I stood in the lantern light, swaying some with the surge of tent roof and walls in the wind, hearing the rain as drums.

Strength from two years of freedom was mine. Two years on the road with the camp men, the hobos, the crop stiffs, the team hands; with dynos, scissor bills, boomers, gandy dancers, shacks, snakes, snipes; with punks, fuzzfaces, gaycats, gunsels, roadkids; with finks, dehornes, Johns and bread-and-butter Johns; with timber beasts, sawdust savages and pinetops; and with many other breeds of working go-about.

Water boy, camp flunky and wagon greaser — the first months of a boy's

freedom. Then upward to a man's place with the team hands of the camps. First, a wheel-scraper two-up, then a set-in with Mormon and slip, another with four on a Fresno, and on to a three-up on a dumper, a little red Stroud.

Now, on this camp-move, a four-in-hand — two abreast, wheelers and leaders; four lines and a buckskin slasher with a twine whang.

There was never to be a higher time for me.

Standing in the lantern light, I could see a long, free field for the running of my furrow. The American glory was yet soul and sight for one of my kind. A lantern was well enough to light me on. Yonder away in its shine all looked good to me. With nothing to my name, I could yet spread my shoulders high and wide in a mackinaw shirt, look the future in the eye, and tell, "I'm coming on; coming with bells."

America was prime in those days, singing in rhythm with the young heart, her hardest face responsive to young hope. In the darkest fields a furrow could be set by lantern light,

JAMES STEVENS is the author of a half-dozen books, including *Paul Bunyan*, *Brawnyman* and *Mattock*. He is represented in twenty-eight anthologies of short stories, and his work has appeared in leading magazines throughout the country.

lined out on the flags of the ancient American dream.

What turn of our plowing led to this abyss of sunless east and sunless west?

And how is it that the old lanterns are burned out, and the furrow flags down?

HE READ a book, *Martin Eden*, by a lantern at the head of his blankets. They were spread on a tarp in the mud, the floor of the night camp. The wind drove rain through the tent, in a slow drip on and about him. Tom Maguire cared only to shield his book. He was young, too; young and eager for more tomorrows.

In those times there was good book reading among the men of labor. Young men of hard hands and tough minds read by lantern and candle in the work camps to post themselves on the world they lived in; and this was a little American glory.

None too many of the readers; yet on every town job, in every wilderness camp, a few Tom Maguires; respected by their mates, called "book-learned," "scribes," and "well-posted."

Sailor Jack, too many have forgotten what you did for the book readers in overalls for twenty years. You were poet and prophet to tens of thousands like Tom Maguire. They packed your books in their balloons; toted them over long desert and timber roads to the camps; kept them through the hardest high-roading in the guts of Pullmans and on the decks of the cannonballs; carried them to county jails and to county hospitals, too.

Men in Montana, up at the shift change from the bowels of the big red hill; men in the Coeur d'Alènes, free for the night from the sweating silver-lead stopes; men of the woods, tracking in from ten hours of slinging rigging on the round stuff; harvest men, crop stiff, bedding down by lantern light after dawn-to-dark slugging of wheat bundles on the hills of the Palouse; sailor men coming off stormy watch to foc'sle bunks and reading for a bell, page and print pitching with the winter rollers of the North Pacific; men of all the hard trades to be named figuring how to put 'er in for a couple of hours.

And a slew of them from all over using those hours to read story books by a man of their own blood, their own sweat, their own revolt.

The Tom Maguires were heard by their mates. A million men voted for Eugene V. Debs. The ballot is our way to the Social Revolution, and we are on our way, they said. Capitalism is done for. Bryan and Roosevelt have borrowed the platform of Socialism. Piece by piece, the system is failing all over the world, and the end will be one people of the world, united in peace.

Standing in the lantern light under the storm-blown tent, I thought of this hope and faith of the Sailor and of Tom Maguire as furrow flags for my own plowing.

BUT there was Jack Sweet, hunched on his blankets in a dim, dripping corner of the big tent. A hard-rock man, the dynamiter of our outfit, a

silver-lead miner who was marked as a member of the Industrial Workers of the World on the mine-owners' blacklist; a battle-loving bull of a man, misnamed Sweet.

The employing class and the working class have nothing in common. It has to be a showdown war, and the sooner the quicker. One Big Union. Seize the machinery of production, and we've seized all.

Don't talk ballot to us! By the ballot the workers have always been betrayed. The place for the ballot box is under the bed. Socialism is a wet dream.

Yours for the Revolution, Fellow Worker Jack Sweet.

He meant it to his soul. The next March, on Spokane's Front Street, I saw Jack Sweet beaten off a soapbox and dragged to jail, trailing blood on the snow.

Direct Action. The Black Cat. The Wooden Shoe. Pie in the Sky. The Fighting Wobblies. An American Glory.

There was rebellion in my blood and I owned some fighting temper. The vision of blood-red furrow flags in tremendous storm stirred my soul but belief in its good end was not in me.

THE top man in my sight was Hard Line Billy — Billy Flemmand.

He was another young one, though up in his twenties and old to me, and another reader and talker. Among the sixty-five men of the outfit, Hard Line Billy stood alone, and only the walking boss could tell him what to do.

On the job, he drove the twelve horses that pulled the machine grader and wagon loader. He was the star gambler of the Saturday night poker games. He had fought a two-hour draw with Paddy the Devil. He had enemies and he packed a gun. Seven years later he was superintendent over seven camps of a construction company that was to become the biggest in the West. Then he joined the 5th Marines. . . .

Billy Flemmand was from Michigan. His people there were people of the woods from away back. Seeing the pineries go, he had roved west to build railroads, dams and irrigation projects. I heard stories of lumbering and lumbermen from Hard Line Billy that were to lead me to the woods within a year. He had taken to me from our first words together. He caught something from me that made him say later I could be another like the Sailor if I just played my cards right.

But put politics out of your mind, he said. Let stories be your job, and work at the job to make it big. That is the way of this country — the big job. The hope is in the machine, not in systems, for only the machine can improve the work.

Billy Flemmand tried to make me see the work of America in its making as he had seen it in his home country of Michigan. That was the work of horses and men only, he said. Man work and horse work up to the saw-mills, and a lot of muscle power doing the work there. He had thought it all

out, Hard Line said, one day on a high Michigan hill, seeing afar four ways with nothing but stumps, stumps, stumps in sight.

FIFTY million acres of pines had been turned to stumps in the Lake States by that time — seven years after the new century began. Twenty trees to the acre would sum up to a thousand million pine trees. Hard Line Billy Flemmand had looked over the stumps from a Michigan hill and strained to imagine the axe strokes, the saw pulls, the peavey work, the horse sweat, and all other parts of the biggest logging job ever heard of, forgetting only Paul and Babe and their toil with trees.

In fifty years a thousand million pines were cut down, limbed, bucked, skidded, loaded on sleighs and big-wheels, hauled to rollways on river banks, and rafted to the sawmills of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. The forest primeval melted away in the heat of great toil from the Lake States. All over the treeless prairie states the forest rose again, in the buildings of cities and farms. The loggers went over hill after hill, ever westing on the trails, leaving dead stumps of trees to be remembered by.

On and on, from section to section, from river to river, from town to town, for fifty years.

Men wearing out at the work; boys growing up to the work.

A river of sweat streaming from horses and men for at least six hundred months, and maybe more.

Enough backaches in the making of the big clearing to provide one backache as long and wide as the Mississippi Valley, and maybe bigger.

Enough calluses out of the chopping, sawing and peavey pushing to form a callus mountain the size of Pike's Peak.

All of the horse sweat and man sweat, gathered in one puddle, would have made another Great Salt Lake, vowed Hard Line Billy Flemmand.

Enough muscle power was generated from meat and beans, oats and hay, in the logging of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, to have pulled all our freight trains for seven years — he would bet on that, Hard Line Billy said.

There was death on the pine lands as well as life and labor. Fire followed the pinetops as settlers moved in and burned off the logged country for grazing and farming. Fire killed the seed trees and the soil.

A great green ocean of pine was drained into the building up of the Midwest, and there was left a dead sea, a black desert, under summer-long smoke palls.

Death rode on fiery winds to the people of the woods. The Peshtigo, Wisconsin, forest fire took eleven hundred lives.

BILLY FLEMMAND had seen all of that in his mind, looking over the stump spaces of Michigan. His people had been woodsmen there for three hundred years, but for him there was no living on in the burns and the bush.

He wanted to be on some other job as big as the logging of the Lake States, but it should be one that would be for building up the country instead of tearing it down.

The West had been spanned seven times by rail. Hard Line Billy thought that was building 'er. Our job right here was one that would put River Snake water over a hundred thousand desert acres and make them bloom.

Fair enough for my start, said Hard Line, but only a sliver to the big tree of a construction job I expect to run some sweet day with my own head and hands. I have an idea for a new earth-moving machine. It will carry me a good way up and on from this place. That is my system for improving the world, Appanoose Jim, and I recommend it to you over those favored by Jack Sweet and Tom Maguire.

I said I could not invent a machine if my life depended on it.

You could write a book, Hard Line Billy said.

It seemed a crazy thing for him to say. But it stuck with me in the hard life of those young years, as a seed holds in a rock crevice. It was yet a lost thought to me that night on the River Snake, as I stood in the lantern light, legs spraddled, calloused hands jammed in overalls' pockets, and listened to the wind, and dreamed.

I had no worry and no fear and no great hunger for anything. It was just about enough for me to think that tomorrow it would be strung-out wagons on the desert road again,

winding through the rimrock and the dripping sagebrush; and myself on a high seat, handling four horses, tooling four lines, swinging a buckskin slasher with a twine whang.

Enough, more than enough for a man of seventeen.

WHERE are we now, in this November?

I have written my book, and it has brought me word from Tom Maguire. A powerful young teamster, a horse handler, one time, a follower of Jack London, he now has a little job with the Labor League for Human Rights, and spends his spare time writing letters to the newspapers, signed "Old Socialist."

Jack Sweet vanished in the timber country labor wars of 1912 and 1914. Out of his kind grows the legend of the Wobblies, stronger, deeper in the life of America, than Paul Bunyan.

Hard Line Billy Flemmand died in a French forest, Belleau Wood, and left his dream of the West to Henry Kaiser.

The plowings of all of us, bravely and hardily begun in that Idaho time of long ago, were changed and turned by death among us and death to the things of the American dream as each had dreamed it.

The American glory we knew was as the virgin pines of the Lake States. Now it is stumps and smoke.

Tomorrow, and more tomorrows?

I have turned in my gear and my tools and my time.

I only remember.

THE LIBRARY

State Planning and Freedom

Since the publication of Friedrich A. Hayek's book, *The Road to Serfdom*, last year there has been widespread discussion of its central thesis that extensive state planning leads to totalitarianism. There are vigorous pro-Hayek groups and equally vigorous anti-Hayek groups. A book presenting the views of the latter group has just been published. It is *The Road to Reaction*,¹ by Herman Finer, and it will probably intensify the controversy. Since the issues involved are so important, *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* herewith offers two diametrically opposed opinions of the ideas in Professor Finer's volume. — THE EDITORS.

A. The State vs. Liberty

BY LOUIS M. HACKER

HERMAN FINER's *The Road to Reaction* is, at one and the same time, eloquent and ill-natured and closely-reasoned and chaotic. In the end, however, exhortation triumphs over logic and his book, instead of becoming a companion piece to Friedrich A. Hayek's *The Road to Serfdom* — to be read together as part of a great debate — will be recalled simply as one of the attempted replies. Undoubtedly there will be others, for the problems posed by Mr. Hayek are a challenge to advocates of full government intervention.

There are many things in Mr. Finer's book that are likely to offend. He scolds his adversary (Mr. Hayek is "bigoted," "a reactionary," "stupid" and a "pedant"). He is not above dissimulation. (He insists, again and again, that he abhors Communism; yet to him Russia is no dictatorship.) He is amused and superior about Mr. Hayek's attempt to write a study in politics. Well, aren't we all political animals? And what is more commendable — indeed, more necessary — than a preoccupation with public policy by a professor of economics? Nevertheless, Mr. Finer, almost in the

¹ \$2.00. Little, Brown.

LOUIS M. HACKER is an associate professor of economics at Columbia University. He is the author of many books on American social and economic history — among them are *The Triumph of American Capitalism* and *The United States Since 1865* (with B. B. Kendrick).

same breath that he is demanding that the cobbler stick to his last, hasn't the slightest hesitancy about passing judgment on recondite economic problems. He becomes the easy victim of some of our most obvious economic myths; he draws up, numbered in precise order, disorderly prescriptions for the radical recasting of our economic world; in a single sentence he disposes of a most complex theoretical question — that of economic calculation in a planned society.

More important than any of these is the following: he has joined that company of Englishmen and English fellow travelers in America who, because England is in serious trouble — her industrial plant is obsolescent, her export industries are in decline, her overseas investments are virtually gone, her empire is being shaken from within and threatened from without — and because a dark despair has settled upon the English intellectual world, have sought to convince us that we also are in peril. Of what? Of the incapacity of our economy to function freely in world trade? Of the inability of our political leaders to build up our power to match our commitments? Never were the potentialities for American world leadership, in both the economic and political spheres, greater than they are today. Never since Cromwell have England's been smaller.

And despite these facts Mr. Finer has sought to convince us — as have others in England and America — that our race too is run.

II

This debate between Messrs. Hayek and Finer must be viewed in its historical setting. From the sixteenth century to the end of the eighteenth, in all those European countries of the West where strong national states had emerged, a public policy was devised — we call it Mercantilism — which sought to strengthen the state by the concentration of political and economic power in the hands of the governmental mechanism.

Pursuing a program of national self-sufficiency and sacrificing welfare for power, the European monarchies created great bureaucracies to regulate virtually every aspect of production, consumption, commerce and industrial relations. Venture capital was cabined, cribbed and confined and, on the continent particularly, so tightly drawn was the web of regulation that innovation disappeared. Monopoly was fostered by the state. Free association, notably of workers, was outlawed. Commerce, under Navigation Laws everywhere, was narrowly restricted. Colonies were regarded as the economic dependencies of the metropolis and exploited. A reckless fiscal policy led to the stifling of investment and bankrupt public exchequers. Low standards of living, a moral rejection of labor — workers were called "The Poor" in England down to the nineteenth century — savage poor laws were the daily lot of the great masses.

It was against such a public policy

that Locke raised his voice in the political sector and Smith in the economic. It was in the successful struggle against Mercantilism — through the English, American and French Revolution; and through the Enlightenment — that the West became free.

The record of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries measures the impressive stature of that achievement. The freedom of the individual and the freedom of the market released the minds and the energies of men. The extraordinary growth of populations, of national incomes and of real wages; the world web of trade based upon an international division of labor; the creation of a technology by which, for the first time in mankind's history, abundance was realizable; the dignity of the common man and of human labor — these were some of the results of that release.

Is it any wonder that Mr. Hayek is troubled by all this current talk of the return to a new Mercantilism? Of the adoption, once more, of a public policy which, presumably in the interests of welfare, will at once terminate our economic liberties and inevitably threaten our political ones? The West has had its experiences with state power: Mr. Hayek's warnings are not founded on idle fancies nor are they the products of academic timidity.

Collectivism, central planning, "conscious social control" is the antithesis of liberalism. Collectivism must be concerned with power — how else will choices be made? — and because

this is so, it ends by debauching man's spiritual life. Our free institutions are in grave danger because of the persuasive talk of the collectivists concerning security and full employment. To achieve these they are prepared to undermine parliamentary, or representative, government by countenancing the delegation of power to administrative agencies. They are ready to end innovation by demanding the centralization of economic functions. They attack the Rule of Law — thus imperiling liberty.

Central planning — governmental control over investment, the mobility of labor, prices and wages, foreign trade — must operate through the authoritarian state which substitutes for the decisions of the market place the mandates of the functionary.

It is because of this analysis that Mr. Finer calls Mr. Hayek again and again a reactionary; and the blurb writer of his book calls *The Road to Serfdom* "reaction's *Mein Kampf*." The first is silly; the second, indecent. Mr. Hayek has written a political work and not an exercise in economics; hence his positive program for maintaining liberalism is only briefly sketched. He is against monopoly — whether exercised by industrialists or trade unions. He is against cartelization in international trade. He advocates the guarantee of minimum standards of living, the assistance of the state in organizing a comprehensive system of social insurance, the control of business cycles. Here he believes — as do most economists —

that the real remedies can be found in the field of fiscal policy. But he is not hostile to "the skillful timing of public works undertaken on a very large scale."

However, of central planning, of complete intervention by government in the economic processes, of administrative tyranny — all of which must lead to the destruction of our liberties — he is the bold and courageous foe.

III

We do not have to turn to the devices of the Russian totalitarian state to see what planning really means. Mr. Finer calls himself an English Socialist and would want to be judged by English texts rather than by Russian experiences. Sir William Beveridge's *Full Employment in a Free Society* exists; it is the complete planner's guide; Mr. Finer has read it and again and again sings its praises.

What does Sir William advocate? Simply this — and it is the heart of his program: the government, through an agency called the National Investment Board, shall control public and private outlays, that is, spending and investment. Sir William starts off disarmingly enough. He says:

The program, while in the main one of public outlay, is not exclusively so; important measures included in it will be designed to influence private outlay, both on consumption and on investment.

concerned not only with the outlay which the State can control directly . . . but with the outlay of private citizens for consumption and in business investment. Consumption outlay will be influenced by taxation and price policy. . . . Execution of the long-term program for full productive employment requires . . . that the investments undertaken by the central government, the local authorities, public utilities and private industry should be coordinated in accordance with the scale of priorities in a single national plan.

This is no dream world inhabited by Beveridge alone; it is the official policy of the British Labor Party of which Mr. Finer is a member. In fact, its Chancellor of the Exchequer recently publicly enunciated it as the basis of his government's whole plan for England's reconstruction.

What does all this "democratic" planning mean?

1. Individuals may save and invest — but only in terms of a sequence of "social priorities" which a remote state mechanism (a National Investment Board within the Treasury Department) will direct. What will be the rôle of venture capital, the willingness to probe, explore, take risks on the part of innovators — that remarkable agency of freedom that made our modern age great? Mr. Finer is a Socialist and doesn't care. In fact, to him, all innovators in our history have been "robber barons" and despoilers rather than creators. Mr. Finer's American admirers ought to ponder these judgments.

But, later on, he reveals his hand:

The Minister of National Finance will be

2. Individuals may earn incomes and spend them on consumer goods.

But the state will *influence* consumption outlay by taxation and price policy. Here is the right to make choices — the greatest right assured to the individual in a freely functioning society — once and for all terminated.

3. Labor is to be given full employment. But at what price? That of “organized mobility” — the privilege of the state to pick the job for the worker. That of the termination of “sectional wage bargaining” — the end of the individual union’s rights to arrange contracts for wages and working conditions with employers on the basis of collective agreements. That of wage determination “by reason, not by methods of strike and lockout.” Finally, there is to be a “unified wage policy” — to be decided by a coordinated trade union organization not a whit different from the authoritarian trade unions of Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia.

4. England is to engage in foreign trade. But how? Under the control of the state and, if it is necessary for the protection of the pound sterling, through cartels and by bilateral agreements. Schacht, for advocating these devices among others, is now in the dock at Nuernberg as a war criminal. Authoritarianism, whether in Mercantilist Europe or in the modern-day totalitarian states, has no more clearly defined hallmark than this: the manipulation of foreign trade in the interests of national power.

IV

This is the shiny new world of the planners; these are the brave schemes Mr. Finer endorses and advocates. If we eliminate the fustian, Mr. Finer’s pattern emerges clearly enough.

1. Capitalism has always been the exploiter. Says Mr. Finer: “One of the kinds of society in which the worst get to the top because the worst are allowed to make the top is, I suggest to Hayek . . . a society of economic individualism. These are some of the more notorious names in the past economic history of the United States: Astor, Marshall Field, Rhinelander, Elkins, Hill, Gould, Stanford, Rockefeller, Vanderbilt, Morgan, Insull, Whitney.” The indiscriminate lumping together of a handful of shady speculators with those merchants, real estate developers, railroad builders and industrialists who opened up our resources, built our great capital plant, installed new technological devices by which costs were lowered and consumer goods in vast quantities made generally available to the American buying public is an interesting commentary on Mr. Finer’s history.

2. Depression is the awful and misbegotten child of capitalism. Says he: “The failure of private enterprise in the depression was not a small and casual aberration.” And again: “Appalling as the catastrophe was, it was not a single and non-recurrent event. Depression is a chronic disease of the

competitive system." And once again: "As for business, not this one depression, but the secular experience of the United States, showed that 'rugged individualism' had become drugged individualism."

There is not a single economist worth his salt that holds this position; Keynes, Mitchell, Schumpeter, Hansen — to all of whom Mr. Finer gives his approval — do not. The idea was a figment of the imagination of Karl Marx and while Mr. Finer disavows adherence to the Marxian theories of value and revolution he has not divested himself of the greatest fiction of all, that of capitalism's perpetual crisis.

Thus conditioned, it is easy for Mr. Finer to sneer at any ameliorative devices. He chides Mr. Hayek with failing to draw up a positive program for the defense of a free economic society. Well, then, he will do it; and what emerges is an extraordinary mélange of sense and whimsy. Possibly Mr. Finer is seeking to be ironical; but his humor is Olympian. Here is his plan as "the minimum activities the government would have to undertake to enforce free competition":

"1. Disperse all monopolies. 2. Equalize fortunes. 3. Annihilate coercion, fraud, and favoritism in business practice. 4. Equalize education. 5. Indoctrinate Education and use Propaganda. 6. Liquidate trade-unions and political parties who preach planning. 7. Establish an unamendable constitution. . . ."

Comment is scarcely necessary. It is

enough to observe that Mr. Finer believes that monopolies cannot be terminated and that sound and honest business practices can never be effectively enforced.

3. Finally, Mr. Finer is an advocate of central planning just as Sir William is. It is idle for him to lecture Mr. Hayek — as he does again and again through all these pages — about the meaning of the term. Certainly no reasonable individual would protest against zoning legislation, river and harbor improvements and flood control by the state. Adam Smith did not; Mr. Hayek does not; nor does this reviewer or any person he knows of. Mr. Hayek presents a definition of planning and so does Mr. Finer. Strip Mr. Finer's of its legally cautious terminology and both come out at the same place.

Mr. Hayek says:

We have in effect undertaken to dispense with the forces which produced unforeseen results and to replace the impersonal and anonymous mechanism of the market by collective and "conscious" direction of all social forces to deliberately chosen goals.

And Mr. Finer says:

... a plan may be defined as a series of well-concerted laws, separate as to substance but integrated and then carried into further detail by a series of rules and orders, made by officials deputed thereto, and controlled by the standards enacted in the statutes and subjected to parliamentary or judicial revision or both.

Where, then, is the quarrel? It is really this. Mr. Finer believes that his

"series of well-concerted laws" etc. — in other words, control by administrative agencies of all the economic processes — will not lead to the suppression of our liberties. Why? For two reasons:

1. The Anglo-American world is the product of a long tradition associated with the democratic processes. This will be our shield.

2. And the lance with which the brave planners will meet the "giant social evils of Want, Disease, Ignorance and Squalor" (Beveridge's words), Mr. Finer finds in "the science of public administration." Says he:

The greatest inventions of the nineteenth and the twentieth centuries have not been physical inventions. . . . The two greatest inventions of the nineteenth century are representative and responsible democracy, and expert and impartial administration.

We must not talk of bureaucracies any more: those bureaucracies which in the past controlled, perverted and stultified the Mercantilist states so that they, in effect, became the state power, have nothing to do with the case. And, in our modern world, we are to disregard the sprawling and constantly changing agencies, offices and authorities which fill every capital to overflowing. Suppose they do function through interlocking directorates, private budgets and secret ac-

counts? Suppose their work is of so complex a nature that not even Congress — not to speak of the American public — can penetrate their mysteries? For one TVA, which has gone back to the local communities for understanding and support, there are literally hundreds of agencies which neither the hand nor the mind of Americans can reach.

But Mr. Finer says our liberties are safe. Multiply these anonymous agencies tenfold — as one would have to with the state controlling all the economic processes — and, thanks to the "science of public administration" these zealous civil servants will still walk with God. Their acts constantly will be characterized by probity, inventiveness and a devotion to social welfare. The entrepreneurial innovator is dead — if he ever was more than a fiction; the public innovator will take his place.

One may be permitted a certain degree of skepticism. It is plain enough that, in the past and in the present, the actions and the inventions of the bureaucrats have not justified confidence. The "science of public administration," despite Mr. Finer's earnestness, is not enough of a guarantee to us as we hazard our economic and political freedoms to strive for full employment. Tyranny is still too big a price to pay for order alone or indeed even for security.



B. *Democracy and Planning*

BY HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

THE most remarkable thing about Friedrich Hayek's *The Road to Serfdom*, published last year, was the rapture with which it was received, the popularity it achieved. After all, the conflict of Man versus the State had been argued by Herbert Spencer sixty years earlier, and most of us had supposed that these Spencerian notions were of antiquarian interest only. Yet Hayek's revival of Spencer, in modern dress, was taken seriously, not only as an economic but as a political tract.

A partial explanation can be found in the political atmosphere of the time. Hayek had identified the welfare state with dictatorship, and thousands of Americans, embittered about the New Deal and the persistent success of Mr. Roosevelt, found in this identification not only proof of all that they had long suspected about Roosevelt, but a new weapon with which to smite him. A partial explanation can be found, too, in the degeneration and fatuousness of much of political thought and discussion in America. For a decade politicians and publicists had bandied about such terms as "centralization," "regimentation," "bureaucracy," "dictatorship," until at last many people came

to believe that these terms applied to real things in American life. Hayek, using the same vocabulary, and applying it impartially to Germany, Russia, Britain and America, exploited this fatuity of American political thinking.

Yet it was apparent at once, to all but these purblind with hatred for the New Deal, that Hayek's was not only an alien tongue but an alien mind. He was ill at ease with the vocabulary of democracy. To him the words Liberty, Democracy, Republic, Law, meant something different from the meaning which the British and Americans normally attach to those words. His mind, too, familiar as it doubtless was with the German character, could not comprehend the British or the American. He dealt not only in generalizations; he dealt in absolutes. He had no understanding of the Anglo-American talent for progress by evolution, for practical and even opportunistic procedure, for compromise and concession, for balance and moderation, for tolerance and experimentation. Though he purported to write about Britain and America, he actually wrote about lands that existed only in his imagination. His vision was narrow, his mind doctrinaire. Though to his admirers he seemed clothed in the

HENRY STEELE COMMAGER is professor of history at Columbia University and a member of the War Department's Committee on the History of the War. He is the author of *Majority Rule and Minority Rights* and the co-author of *The Growth of the American Republic* and *The Heritage of America*.

raiments of history, economy and political science, and even in the robes of the prophet, he proved actually as naked as the Emperor.

About the best that can be said for Mr. Hayek is that his errors were on a grand scale, so palpable and so pervasive that they vitiate everything that he wrote and make even his occasional lapses into fact, his sporadic glimmerings of truth, suspect. What were those errors? First, his subordination of politics, and indeed of the whole of the life of a people, to economic considerations. Even Spencer knew better than this, while those giants to whom Hayek so often appeals — Adam Smith and John Stuart Mill — never for a moment fell into the vulgar heresy of confounding the commonwealth with commerce. Second, his identification of planning with totalitarianism, of competition with liberalism, resulted in a confusion of terminology and of logic on so monumental a scale that it all but paralyzes analysis. Third, his perversion of British and American history, his ignorance or distortion of the processes of democratic politics, made gibberish of most of what he wrote about contemporary Britain and America. Fourth, his passion for the abstract generalization and his refusal — reluctance is too feeble a word — to check his generalizations by realities, his utter failure to think about politics or economy functionally, makes of his whole argument an exercise in the hypothetical rather than a critique of the actual. Finally, his

failure to realize the rather elementary fact that Germany and Russia are not America and Britain, and that conclusions drawn from the former are not inevitably applicable to the latter, resulted in an analysis which, like the flowers that bloom in the spring, had nothing to do with the thing.

II

It was inevitable that sooner or later someone should take Mr. Hayek apart. This task, more entertaining than edifying, has fallen to Professor Finer, long a fellow member of Mr. Hayek's London School of Economics and now a professor at Harvard University. Mr. Finer, like Mr. Hayek, is an economist and a student of politics, and — again like Mr. Hayek — is not unfamiliar with the history of Fascism. There is, alas, one further resemblance: he writes almost as badly as Mr. Hayek. But there the resemblance ends. Mr. Finer knows both America and Britain, as Hayek does not. He knows practical politics and administration, as Hayek does not. He knows the historic meaning of such things as Liberty and Law, which Hayek does not. He believes in democracy, which Hayek does not. He works from facts up, not from theories down; he deals with actualities, not with abstractions; he prefers description to moralizing; he confuses himself neither with God, Jeremiah, nor Cassandra.

Mr. Finer sees clearly, what many readers of Mr. Hayek's book ap-

parently missed — that what is really at stake in this whole discussion is democracy. For democracy, and for what he calls the “fashionable” concern with it, Hayek has only contempt. He is sure that in a democracy the majority will have their way, regardless of ethical or economic considerations. He is sure that in a democracy, the minority will be crowded out and crushed. He is sure that a democracy will flout the “rule of law” and destroy liberty. He reaches all these alarming conclusions not by an examination of how democracy has worked in Britain and America for almost two hundred years, or by an analysis of how it is working now, but by a process of intellectual legerdemain. Democracy believes in planning; Socialism believes in planning; therefore, democracy and Socialism are the same thing. Socialism led, in Germany and Russia, to totalitarianism; therefore, democracy is bound to lead to totalitarianism. All the dreadful things that have happened in Germany, Russia and elsewhere where totalitarianism has triumphed, are bound to happen in Britain and the United States if democracy continues on its dangerous way.

Mr. Finer is not afraid of democracy, or of majority rule, or even of Hayek's fearsome bogey, planning. He points out, in reasoned chapters, that democracy is a long evolution, that British and Americans have had time to evolve elaborate procedures to make it work, that it has not as yet proved inimical to liberty or to the

rule of law. It should, indeed, be unnecessary to say these things. Even Mr. Hayek might reflect that it was not in the countries familiar with democracy that liberty was destroyed and law prostituted to evil ends.

Nor is Mr. Finer afraid of planning. A substantial part of his book is devoted to the twin tasks of exposing the evils and dangers of unregulated competition and tracing the growth of planning and of administrative techniques to direct and control it. Perhaps both these things are necessary, though the recapitulation of the sins of unregulated competition and of the wickedness of the robber barons grows a bit tiresome. Yet there are signs that some Americans have already forgotten — if they ever learned — the lessons of the 'twenties, and Mr. Finer quotes with approval the observation of E. W. Kemmerer, “They may remember yesterday, but they forget the day before.” More interesting than this rehearsal of the failings of competition is the analysis which reveals that competition itself has never been competitive — never, that is, in the sense that the dice were not loaded.

It is on the positive side that Mr. Finer makes his chief contribution. Our democracy has indulged in planning, and the planning has not in fact led either to the destruction of liberty or the creation of dictatorship. Planning has not had these results because men are not creatures of logic but products of historical training and of environment. Mr. Hayek argues, in a

vacuum, that planning to be successful *must* be centralized; that it *cannot* tolerate dissent; that therefore, in the end, it *must* lead to dictatorship, to brutal suppression of minorities, to an all powerful state. It never occurs to him to look at actual examples of planning, like the TVA — which is not mentioned in *The Road to Serfdom* except in connection with a sneering reference to the futility of planning for the Danube Valley.

Mr. Finer, who has himself participated in some actual city planning, and who has helped build up the complex administrative safeguards which are thrown about planning, looks to the examples. He knows that the British and American people are not victims of some iron logic — or illogic. He has seen that they can plan one part of their economy without demanding that all parts of it be subjected to some master plan. He has seen that they can and do experiment with various plans, adapting them to particular circumstances, or dropping them if they do not work. He has seen that they not only tolerate dissent but indulge in it, and that in a political system like ours, where parties are constantly on the job and legislatures constantly in session, criticism is normal and continuous.

Nor is he afraid of the delegation of power to commissions or boards. To Mr. Hayek delegated power is tyrannical power, for he is sure that once a commission may make independent decisions they will make despotic decisions. It never occurs to him to exam-

ine the history of some of these boards — of the Interstate Commerce Commission, for example, or the Labor Relations Board. Mr. Finer, who has studied local government, the Civil Service and public service commissions, is subject to no such psychopathic fears. He knows that quasi-independent commissions are, in our system always subject both to public criticism and to ultimate legislative control.

He has, finally, confidence in human nature — certainly in human nature in Britain and America. He believes that men are inspired by other than selfish economic motives, that men will serve society and the state as faithfully as they will serve private business:

There is in the nation a vast and yet untapped reservoir of human energy and ability which can operate such enterprises (public service commissions, and so forth), and which will some day astound the world, and shame it that it was so long neglected. Splendid talent is begging for an opportunity. It cannot find it in private business leadership, because in many cases private enterprise has not the capital, or the courage, or the brains, and in many cases talent will not stoop to those methods of private enterprise falsely believed to be necessary to the rendering of the service in question. . . . For hundreds of years society was without this class of public servants, and state administration limped. The greatest inventions of the nineteenth and the twentieth centuries have not been physical inventions. . . . The two greatest inventions of the nineteenth century are representative and responsible democracy and expert and impartial public administration.

The Road to Serfdom will doubtless

continue to be read and to be applauded, as will similar books. For even after the demonstration of what democracies — and planning — could do in this war, there are still many who fear and mistrust it. This is not the whole or the final answer to these men and women of little faith. The answer is not to be found, in the end, in books. It is to be found in the his-

torical record. It is to be found in the fact that the great English-speaking democracies — and some others — have combined democracy and liberty, planning and prosperity. It is to be found, too, in what the democracies do with their power, their wealth and their wisdom. On the basis of the past, there seems to be no reason to tremble for the future.

BIG JEN

BY ETHEL BARNETT DE VITO

EACH day at seven or just before,
You'd see her shambling to her store:
Big Jen, we called her, and her name
Went past the flesh, beyond the frame.

Never day that, in things scarce-known,
The bigness of her wasn't shown
In ways that made us all look small.
Seemed like she got to be on call - -
As though she fit somewhere between
Old Doc Carew and Parson Breen:
Not just for sick ones that she nursed,
The widows' broods she fed and pursed,
There was the things you'd hardly count —
Stopping a man that whopped his mount,
Throwing her weight like it was meant
For the little fellow's argument.

Always she helped this one or that
Too many ways for guessing at
Until one day, like any day
She closed her store and went away.

And though not one has ever heard
From then to now a single word,
We still recall her with a glow:
The Big Jen that we used to know.
But often — often we wonder too
About the one we never knew.

THE CHECK LIST

BIOGRAPHY

MY WAYWARD PARENT, by Elizabeth Cobb. \$2.50. *Bobbs-Merrill*. This biography of the late Irvin S. Cobb, by his daughter, is occasionally marred by awkward attempts to write like him, but on the whole it is a moving, tender and revealing book. It is also written in very good taste, so much so, in fact, that it can almost serve as a model for a daughter's life of her father. Cobb's climb upward was far from easy, and he did not forget it even after he had achieved fame and fortune. And he had courage to speak the truth as he saw it, regardless of possible harm to himself. His hatred of and contempt for the major organized religious denominations was so intense that he elaborated upon it at great length even in his farewell to the world — a document, incidentally, that is amazing for its calmness, tenderness and humor.

THE DIARIES OF TCHAIKOVSKY. \$4.00. *Norton*. This is the first complete English edition of the Russian composer's diaries, and is not only of the highest importance to musicologists but makes fascinating reading for the general music lover. The diary covers the years 1873-1891 and is frequently so personal that it was obviously meant as a sort of confessional. It is full of complaints of illness and sadness: "Rose with a heavy head and in low spirits. . . . Nostalgia, dejection, almost desperation. . . . Am good for nothing. Work with incredible difficulty. My stomach is poor, and in spite of extreme moderation, still don't feel quite like myself, feel lonesome and strange, and at times, really dreadful." There are many unusual musical opinions. Tchaikovsky had the greatest respect for Beethoven's genius, "but I do not love" him. "My attitude toward him reminds me of what I experienced in childhood toward the God Jehovah. . . . Christ, on the contrary, inspires truly and exclusively the feeling of love. . . . And if Beethoven's music is a

place in my heart analogous to the God Jehovah, then Mozart I love as the musical Christ." The translation, which is easy to read, is by Wladimir Lakond.

THE HOUSE OF EUROPE, by Paul Scott Mowrer. \$3.75. *Houghton, Mifflin*. The man who gained national distinction for his twenty-three years of service as Paris correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News* writes here his autobiography, 1887-1934. Entertaining as the chronicle of a young journalist in Illinois, it is even more significant as the story of the rise of foreign correspondents and the accompanying growth of world consciousness in the United States. We were unbelievably provincial before 1914, and Mr. Mowrer is the best one to describe our former state and warn us against the dangers of a relapse into isolationism.

AL SMITH, AMERICAN, by Frank Graham. \$2.50. *Putnam's*. Mr. Graham writes of Al Smith in the same lush manner he wrote about *Lou Gehrig: A Quiet Hero*, *McGraw of the Giants* and *The Brooklyn Dodgers*. For example, he begins his chapter on Al and the future Mrs. Smith in this fashion: "Meanwhile, love had moved into his life and dealt him a terrific blow in the heart." The book is also filled with imaginary conversations and is otherwise worthless. One hopes that the late Governor will soon get the biography he deserves.

A FELLOW OF INFINITE JEST, by Thomas Yoseloff. \$3.00. *Prentice-Hall*. Though the influence of Laurence Sterne, author of the immortal *Tristram Shandy*, upon English, American and European literature has been immense, he is little known and little written about. The best study of him, by Dr. Wilbur Cross, is far too scholarly for popular consumption. Mr. Yoseloff here attempts to supply a biography of Sterne

reader, and he has succeeded. He obviously knows his subject, his critical attitude is mature, and he writes clearly.

THE LIFE OF THE HEART, by Frances Winwar. \$3.00. *Harper*. Legendary George Sand and the epoch of political upheaval that was the France of her time are vividly brought to life in Frances Winwar's latest "novelized" biography. From her early unhappy childhood as Aurore Dupin through her romantic career as George Sand, author and social rebel, incident and anecdote are interwoven to produce a convincing, colorful portrait of the woman whose intimates included De Musset, Liszt, Chopin, Balzac and Flaubert. Once more, Miss Winwar has made a satisfying blend of scholarship and story-telling.

THE BOSS, by Dayton David McKean. \$3.00. *Houghton, Mifflin*. "Jersey City," says Mayor Frank Hague, "is the moral city in America." Just how Boss Hague maintains the city's exalted moral status by the suppression of free speech and by the control of political parties, local courts, newspapers, bar associations and business clubs, is described in this entertaining and scholarly book by a Dartmouth professor who was formerly a New Jersey legislator.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

ADVENTURE IN DIPLOMACY: OUR FRENCH DILEMMA, by Kenneth Pendar. \$3.00. *Dodd, Mead*. Few chapters in history are more controversial than the story of American diplomacy in North Africa which culminated in the armistice with Darlan and our successful invasion. Kenneth Pendar, who left his post at the Harvard Library in 1941 and served as State Department official in North Africa under Robert Murphy until July 1943, tells the inside story of the whole affair. His narrative ranges all the way from political analysis to the remarks of Roosevelt and Churchill when he, as host, sat between them at a Casablanca dinner. Murphy's original feat of appeasement and negotiation comes in for high praise, but Pendar believes that Murphy later outlived his usefulness and should have been transferred; that more pressure should have been exerted on the sincere but politically inept Giraud to clean out Vichyites promptly; and

that we should have resisted De Gaulle's "shameless political pressure." Pendar's picture of De Gaulle, in fact, is devastating; starting as a De Gaulle admirer, he finally reached the conclusion that "De Gaulle is great in all the wrong ways, in ways that are ominous for the peace and happiness of France and of Europe"; that he "is a little unbalanced in his nationalism and egoism"; and that he has "an active and determined anti-American point of view." Pendar also makes an effective attack upon State Department unpreparedness and the lack of coordination in policy-making at Washington. His book will enliven an already bitter controversy.

WARTIME MISSION IN SPAIN, by Carleton J. H. Hayes. \$3.00. *Macmillan*. President Roosevelt sent the well-known Catholic historian, Professor Hayes, to Franco's Spain as our ambassador from May 1942 to January 1945, and it was his primary task, in co-operation with Sir Samuel Hoare, to buy off and appease Franco so that Spain would not officially enter the war on Hitler's side. Professor Hayes tells the story of his "successful" appeasement with scholarly competence, but otherwise his book is strangely unconvincing. He says that Franco's dictatorship was not "inspired by Nazi ideology" but was "more in the nature of a military dictatorship traditional to Spanish-speaking peoples." Professors sometimes suffer from myopia.

HISTORY

A RIBBON AND A STAR, by John Monks, Jr. and John Falter. \$2.75. *Holt*. Punctuated with humor, grimness, courage and fear — with tough Marine talk, bullets and steel — this account of the Third Marines at Bougainville records actual combat experiences in one small segment of a campaign. Both Captain Monks's text and John Falter's drawings raise their book far and above the average reporting that has come out of World War II.

PLANTATION PARADE, by Harnett T. Kane. \$3.50. *Morrow*. The end of the slave economy following the Civil War brought ruin to many of Louisiana's old Creole families, as it did to the entire South. Luxurious mansions, built in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries with profits

from fertile cane and cotton plantations, were abandoned. Their wide galleries, pillared façades and extensive slave-quarters fell prey to wind and weather. The region's lush, semi-tropical growth quickly turned formal gardens into wastes; the Mississippi swept over neglected levees and flooded formerly cultivated acreages. Harnett Kane reports this collapse in a sort of sentimental historical journey. His book is full of pleasant nostalgic passages. There are many fine photographs and an extensive bibliography.

LAY MY BURDEN DOWN. *A Folk History of Slavery*, edited by B. A. Botkin. \$3.50. Chicago. Once again, Mr. Botkin, editor of *A Treasury of American Folklore*, has put the general reading public in his debt. Here he has distilled a mass of slave autobiographies, and the result is a collection of tales that are heart-rending and amusing and extremely revealing about the great fortitude of the human soul. This book tells more about what it meant to be a slave in the South, in terms of everyday living, than any other single volume now in print.

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

PRIVATE MONOPOLY, by David Lasser. \$3.00. Harper. The author has compressed into this review a summary of the evils of concentrated corporate power, not only in the United States but in those European countries where such power served as a bridge to Fascism. His remedy for those evils is ingenious. He would preserve the profit motive and private investment but would attempt to democratize corporations by creating a system of joint management-labor-consumer control, with an American Congress of Industry, Labor and Agriculture to "coordinate national economic policies." He would tax idle wealth more heavily, and lighten the burden on investments in job-making enterprises.

NATIONALISM AND AFTER, by Edward Hallett Carr. \$1.25. Macmillan. The author of *Conditions of Peace* analyzes the evolution of nationalism from the "night-watchman" to the "social service" state, and concludes that the more than sixty competing nations in the world today "are by virtue of their nature and function probably less capable than any other group in

modern times of reaching agreement with one another." He has abandoned hope of a genuine community of nations, and looks forward to the emergence of a few great multi-national power blocs, to be followed eventually by an internationalism based on recognized standards of social justice and the slow growth of functional co-operation. A brief but important book.

MEDICINE

THE STORY OF PENICILLIN, by Boris Sokoloff, M.D. \$2.00. Ziff-Davis. Dr. Sokoloff tells the story behind the discovery, isolation and synthesis of penicillin — the precious blue-green mold well on its way toward becoming one of mankind's greatest allies in the conquest of disease. Here is no "guide" to penicillin therapy, nor a detailed chemistry of the drug — but, more important, a clear evaluation of what penicillin can actually do and what it cannot. Of special interest is the first complete bibliography on the subject to date.

OUT OF CARNAGE, by Alexander R. Griffin. \$3.00. Howell, Soskin. Out of the embattled fortress of World War II has come this heroic story of salvation — the battle with death waged in rescue craft, emergency operating rooms, laboratories and psychiatric wards. Though Mr. Griffin's book provides only a quick and uncritical survey, it nevertheless reveals some unsung wartime contributions of inventors and mechanics as well as doctors and scientists in the advance of humane science.

FICTION

THE LONELY STEEPLE, by Victor Wolfson. \$2.50. Simon & Schuster. In a Massachusetts insane asylum, Addie Eldridge of Cape Cod writes the story of her life, a life warped and twisted by the horror of an assault by her own father in childhood. Married without love to the son of a village selectman and finding only temporary happiness outside of marriage, she finally breaks and achieves revenge in a dramatic triple murder by fire. This is the first novel by the author of *Excursion* and other plays, and it is written with sensitive and mature understanding.

(Continued on page 127)

THE OPEN FORUM

GENERAL DE GAULLE

SIR: There it goes again. Even Henry C. Wolfe in his article on General de Gaulle does it. For the one hundredth-odd time St. Cyr is called the French West Point. Why can't this thoroughly misleading statement be shown up for what it is — a complete misconception?

St. Cyr is a military school — so is West Point; but there the resemblance ceases. Let it be known now that St. Cyr teaches military courses in infantry and cavalry only. Moreover, these courses are of two years' duration as compared with the conventional four-year college course that exists at West Point. It can be seen, therefore, that a student entering St. Cyr is much farther advanced scholastically than his alleged counterpart at West Point.

The two other major military subjects, *i.e.*, artillery and engineering, have been and are today taught at the great Polytechnic — a fact no one bothers to remember.

Knowing these things, I ask you, can anyone, even Mr. Wolfe, see more than a mere superficial resemblance? So let there be no more comparisons. And let St. Cyr stand on its own two feet — with its long and honorable career and its glorious tradition.

ALBERT C. BAGDASARIAN

Saranac Lake, N. Y.

SIR: The article was about General de Gaulle and only mentioned St. Cyr in that connection. Inasmuch as the General did not attend the Polytechnic, there was no reason for discussing that institution. The term "the French West Point" was used to help American readers. I did not originate it. It has been used far more than "the one hundredth-odd time," because St. Cyr is pretty generally recognized to be more closely the equivalent of West Point than is any other French institution. By the same token, a French writer is justified when he refers to West Point as "the American St. Cyr." This is no slight to The Citadel, to VMI, or to any other American military academy.

The vast majority of men who graduate from St. Cyr become regular officers. On the other

hand, the great Polytechnic prepares men not only for the Army but also for civil life. Some take up private engineering careers; others go into certain civil service jobs, becoming state engineers. The Polytechnic's graduates become second lieutenants *in reserve*.

HENRY C. WOLFE

New York City.

ORDEAL OF YUGOSLAVIA

SIR: The article, "The Ordeal of Yugoslavia," by Sam Pope Brewer, in the November issue, was long overdue. In the last few years we were fed with too much tendentious material about the country and it was about time that some of the sober facts were publicized.

On two points, however, even Mr. Brewer was influenced by propaganda. He stated that "Yugoslavia has never known democracy." This idea was popularized by Tito propagandists at least partially to justify their present totalitarianism. The Serbia of pre-Yugoslavia days was about the most democratic country in Europe, achieved by centuries of fighting against foreign and domestic oppressors. There is neither nobility there nor ruling classes, and there is hardly a Serb who does not have at least one peasant grandparent. The distribution of wealth was the most equitable in Europe, and the people notoriously individualistic and outspoken. Their exceedingly democratic constitution of 1903 was largely applied to Yugoslavia when it was created in 1919. For the following ten years the country had universal suffrage, secret vote and even proportional representation. This great freedom was probably responsible for the political impasse created by 1929 because too many parties created too much political and racial friction. And, even in the subsequent dictatorship of King Alexander, the opposition was extremely vocal and was constituted in organized parties.

The second point implies the existence of a police state by a statement to the effect that Communists were "often brutally tortured." Of course, there were some instances where this

happened, because even in this country one can always find some over-zealous and callous policemen, but the instances were very few. The fact is that civil liberties were reasonably high in Yugoslavia even under the dictatorship, as the existence of constant and vociferous Croat opposition testifies. Incidentally, under dictatorship more policemen were killed by political terrorists than the number of perpetrators that were punished. Anyhow, it all was in very limited numbers, to be counted in tens, and is far from the implications that were spread that Yugoslavia was a terror-ridden country, so that the present dictatorship by comparison would seem "democratic."

M. POPOVIC

New York City.

BLACK MAGIC

SIR: In the October issue there appears an article, "Black Magic in the Virgin Islands," by Wenzell Brown, which is misleading, largely untrue and wholly intended to defame natives resident on the mainland.

Practices of witchcraft, commonly called obeah, in the West Indies are known only to the ignorant and superstitious. What is true of the Virgin Islands is also true of the mainland.

Witchcraft or obeah was practised in the United States many years before Virgin Islanders began migrating here. It is decidedly unfair, therefore, for the writer to charge natives with bringing it to Harlem. It is as unpopular among intelligent natives residing in the islands as it is little known to Americans on the mainland.

Obeah, voodoo, black magic are one and the same. The writer may call it any name he chooses but witchcraft is known the world over as the belief of the superstitious and ignorant. Werewolves, hags and the so-called Nancy stories are mere fairy tales.

The charge that obeah or witchcraft doctors sound muffled tambours in the hills with flickering lights is purely fictitious. The islands are so small that the sound of a drum in the hills overlooking the town would disturb the inhabitants. Tourists who go to the islands seeking health and rest usually stay in the hills in comfort.

As for the ninety-nine grains of sand, it would be a miraculous feat for a contortionist to balance himself on the steep, slanting galvanized roofs with any degree of success. Even the so-called werewolf or hag would not venture such a hazardous task.

Virgin Islanders do not deny their shortcom-

ings. They welcome constructive criticism. But ask our Marines, bluejackets and soldiers stationed there if they were ever molested or tainted by black-magic practitioners.

The facts are that the native inhabitants are law-abiding and highly intelligent. Literacy is 95 per cent. Practically all administrative and executive positions are held by natives.

The writer has employed fiction which he presents to the public as true in fact. It is a sad commentary on his alleged world-wide experience as a traveler.

ASHLEY L. TOTTEN

President, *American Virgin Islands Civic Ass'n.*
New York City.

SIR: I was surprised to read the article, "Black Magic in the Virgin Islands," by Wenzell Brown, in the October issue. Naturally, there is superstition in every religion. Unfounded assumptions and fantastic hopes are the basis of all religion. It is vicious to pretend there is an especially terrible, dangerous kind threatening race relations and democracy in Harlem and the West Indies. The mumbo-jumbo of the Caribbean is no more strange and horrible than the taking of the Sacrament.

Recently, I saw huge tapestries of gold and silver images of parts of the body at the Cathedral of Guadalupe in Mexico — the offerings of folk who imagined they had enjoyed miracles of healing! I guess Washington did not hesitate to give Mexico favors on that account. Why then bring up the loan to the Virgin Islands? Wasn't that just a cheap attempt to justify the rehashing of a threadbare tale?

Mr. Schuyler has been in the newspaper business in Harlem for twenty years and in that time has never unearthed a single fact to uphold the contention that strange rites are threatening race relationships here. The West Indians in Harlem are far more decorous and mild in their religious expression than the shouting Methodists from Mississippi.

JOSEPHINE SCHUYLER

New York City.

SIR: The purpose of my article was to reveal certain basic causes of race intolerance and bigotry — one of which is obeah. The revelation of the truths of obeah have always met with vitriolic attack by those who benefit by this highly remunerative cult and by those who believe that race tolerance is best served by the concealment of truth when it is not altogether complimentary to all Negroes. In fact, these

people aid in the persecution of the intelligent Virgin Islander who is attempting to bring obeah into the open and thus free his people from its shackles.

The accusation that I have exaggerated is far from true. Indeed, I rewrote the article four times to be sure of its moderation. It is heavily documented and checked in its original form. Unfortunately, as I am in Jamaica, I do not have my references all at hand, but my sources are three-fold: (1) personal experience and talks with Virgin Islanders; (2) police and court records; (3) reference books.

Full check-up can be made in *The Virgin Island and Its People*; by Antonio Jarvis, and in *St. Thomas Negroes: A Study of Personality and Culture*, by Albert A. Campbell. Other references are available at the New York Library and can be supplied by the writings of such eminent Negro writers as Claude McKay, Langston Hughes and DuBose Heyward.

The chiefs of police in both St. Thomas and St. Croix informed me that obeah was their most serious problem and that hardly a case reached the courts which did not involve obeah. A leading druggist informed me that his largest sales of drugs was to the obeah men of the community for their various brews.

As for the crosses on the houses, I have seen them literally by the hundreds, and each weekend I have heard the "muffled tambours." (The cliché fits too exactly to abandon its use.)

Mrs. Schuyler quotes her husband as stating that "he has never unearthed a single fact to uphold the contention that strange rites are threatening race relationships here (in Harlem)." This is an astonishing statement, for while I was preparing this article, I discussed it with Mr. George Schuyler, editor of the *Pittsburgh Courier*. Mr. Schuyler spoke with clarity and specific knowledge of the problems involved and then requested that I do some articles for the *Courier*, to which I agreed.

Support of my contentions that obeah has infiltrated into Harlem is available in the writings of the men already mentioned.

One fact I should like to assert here with great positiveness: Those who would suppress truth with prejudice, though their motives may be good, strike a blow at a satisfactory adjustment of the race problems that besiege America. The suppression of truth in its printed form has always been the forerunner of Fascism and is bigotry and intolerance in its most evil form.

WENZELL BROWN

Jamaica, B.W.I.

SIR: Wenzell Brown's letter to you asserts that I told him that strange rites are threatening race relations here, meaning Harlem. I have never written or stated any such thing to anybody because the whole idea is too nonsensical. Doubtless, there are devotees of obeah and voodooism in Harlem and elsewhere, just as there are hexers in Pennsylvania and snake cultists in Tennessee, but to claim that they, rather than Catholics and Protestants, "are threatening race relationships," is laughable. I never discussed Mr. Brown's article with him at any time.

It is true that Mr. Brown is doing some articles for our newspaper. Our selection of him, however, had no connection with his writings on obeah, but was occasioned by the fact that he was visiting the region about which we desired features and photos.

GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

New York City.

MEDICAL COLLEGES

SIR: Dr. Frank Kingdon's article, "Discrimination in Medical Colleges," is on a very timely and appropriate subject.

Furthermore, I think that any institution of learning which discriminates against a person seeking a medical education on the grounds of race, color, creed, or any other such personal attributes is wrong and should be influenced to correct such error.

In South Dakota, the "shortage of doctors" became sufficiently acute so that we have had to enlarge our two-year medical course of the State University to a four-year medical course in order that South Dakotans seeking a full Doctor of Medicine degree could get such education. Since too many of them were excluded from other universities and colleges where they sought admission, the last session of our legislature authorized the four-year medical school which will soon be established.

In South Dakota, we have always prided ourselves upon complete equality of all races, creeds and colors, and I do not believe there is a place in the world where this equality of opportunity before the law and in the daily affairs of the people is more prevalent than in South Dakota. It is partially because of this very reason that the Black Hills Country is making a world-wide appeal for its selection as headquarters for the United Nations.

M. Q. SHARPE
Governor, South Dakota

Pierre, S. D.

SIR: Dr. Frank Kingdon did a fine piece of work in his article, "Discrimination in Medical Colleges," in the October issue. As a liberal Christian of comparatively old American stock — Dutch, English and Welsh — I abhor this policy of discrimination which is preventing some of our most talented young men and women from studying medicine. It is morally wrong, unscientific, and just plain stupid to bar Negro-Americans because of their race, Jewish-Americans because of their religion, Italian-Americans because of their national origin.

What difference does it make if the percentage of Jewish doctors in the profession is greater than the percentage of Jews in the population? The percentage of engineers and bankers of Jewish faith happens to be smaller. But even if it were not, there would still be no rational grounds for excluding anyone from any school or college on the grounds of religion, color, or national origin.

Hundreds of Jewish doctors serving with our armed forces were killed in this war for democracy. As an ex-soldier I am indebted to them for care and treatment. Are other Jews to be denied the right to enter an honorable profession because their religion happens to differ from that of the majority?

If the number of qualified applicants for admission to medical schools (or any other educational institution) exceeds their capacity, not a system of racist bookkeeping, but *the establishment of more schools* is the solution to the problem. Whatever the cost may be, the returns will justify it in the improved health of the American people.

PALMER VAN GUNDY

Los Angeles, Calif.

SIR: I enjoyed reading Frank Kingdon's article "Discrimination in Medical Colleges," in the October issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY. His startling statistics proved conclusively the dire necessity of the quota system in our endowed medical colleges. The Immigration Service proves the value, to this country, of the quota system.

What can be so reprehensible about a church or private group building a medical college and then refusing to turn it over to the education of non-contributors? We know that medical students pay less than half the cost of a degree. Physicians also know lots of Gentile boys, just as "bright and personable" as Leo, who are unable to gain entrance into a medical school.

In a future article Dr. Kingdon could render a valuable service by presenting an analytical sur-

vey of the sources of the endowments of Catholic, Jewish and Protestant medical colleges. He might then be able to draw some revealing conclusions.

EMOR L. CARTWRIGHT, M.D.

Fort Wayne, Ind.

RHEUMATIC FEVER

SIR: You have printed many excellent medical articles by authorities. I am, of course, not a doctor, but I have had so much personal experience with rheumatic fever that I think I can be of help to parents of children suffering from it.

Rheumatic fever is a dreaded disease which is no respecter of age — it strikes young and old alike. It hit me without any warning just two years ago, and if not for the care and love of my family, the excellent advice of my physician and the encouragement of my many friends, this would be another story by another name.

To me, the tragic victims of this disease are the little children. If the proper care is given, at the right time, this fever can be licked. During my seven months on my back, I availed myself of the opportunity to read every possible book on rheumatic fever and I am happy to pass this knowledge on to parents whose children have been stricken.

During the first fifteen days of rheumatic fever there is almost unendurable pain, which continues unceasingly twenty-four hours a day. When the pain subsides, the parents often allow the child gradually to get up, and before long, resume its normal activities. This is a fatal mistake! This little child, who might have grown up to take his or her place in the world, will probably never attain manhood or womanhood. There is one solution: rest. The patient must stay in bed for at least a year, under the care of a cardiac specialist.

Another thing which must not be overlooked is pleasant surroundings. This helped me so much. When one spends long days and nights, day in and day out, within four walls, it is so important that they be made as bright and cheerful as possible. This I had, and for this I am very thankful. Also, loving care. In this, too, I was most fortunate. But to a little child, lying there restless and lonely, the little attentions that a family can give mean much toward a full recovery.

But I can't emphasize rest enough. I had a lot to give up, but I took it lying down, and lived to tell it.

LEU COSTELLO

Van Nuys, Calif.



The LITERARY BAZAAR

FIRST EDITIONS :: RARE BOOKS
AUTOGRAPHS :: LITERARY SERVICES

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT
Stories, Articles, Novels, Books Sold. Our clients on "Best Seller Lists" and in national periodicals. Highly recommended aid for sale and publication of fiction, non-fiction, manuscripts. Unknown authors assisted. Write for information. 33 West 42nd St., New York 18, N. Y.

THE OLDEST WRITERS' SERVICE. Literary Agent, established 25 years. Manuscripts criticised, revised, typed, marketed. Special attention to Book manuscripts, Poetry. Catalogue on request.

AGNES M. REEVE Dept. M, Franklin, Ohio

AS LITERARY AGENTS we offer an expert sales and advisory service designed to aid both new and experienced authors by eliminating placement worries and assisting in effective manuscript revision.

C. V. PARKINSON, LITERARY AGENT
Brightwaters, L. I., New York

"LIBERTY," A Magazine of Religious Freedom, Founded 1886. Vital, Fundamental, Informative. Quarterly, 15¢. Yearly, 60¢. RELIGIOUS LIBERTY ASSOCIATION, 6840 Eastern Ave., Takoma Park, Washington 12, D. C.

OUT-OF-PRINT

WE SPECIALIZE and are successful in finding promptly the "Out-of-Print" or "Hard-to-Find" books which you particularly desire. Please write us stating "Wants." No obligation.

THE SEVEN BOOK-HUNTERS
Station O, Box 22 New York 11, N. Y.

GENERAL

COIN COLLECTORS — Read "The Numismatist." Published monthly. News, illustrated feature articles on coins and medals. Sample copy 25¢. American Numismatic Association, 99 Livingston St., Brooklyn 2, N. Y.

ATHEIST BOOKS. 32-page catalogue free. Truth Seeker Co., 38 Park Row, New York 8, N. Y.



THIS STANDS FOR HONORABLE SERVICE

Remember... the man or woman who wears this button has been honorably discharged from our armed forces

NOW! Enjoy Learning to Speak

SPANISH AT HOME

FRENCH-GERMAN-ITALIAN

BIG opportunities and jobs waiting for those who can speak Spanish. Millions of dollars being invested in Mexico, Central and South America — business and travel increasing every day. Now the ability to speak Spanish will mean more to you than ever before.



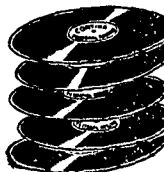
Only 15 Minutes a Day

The **CORTINA METHOD**, famous for **OVER 60 YEARS**, teaches you to speak Spanish **LIKE A NATIVE**. Right in your own home, relaxed and at ease, you learn as easily as a child learns — **BY LISTENING** to native instructors on these 30 new, easy-to-understand **CORTINA** recordings. **EVERY WORD CLEAR AS A BELL.**



Sent on 5 Days Approval

THOUSANDS have learned Spanish, this quick, easy way for **PLEASURE and BUSINESS**. Why not you? Free, 32-page book, "The Cortina Short-Cut," describes this famous method fully and tells how you can try it in your own home for 5 days. **NO COST IF NOT DELIGHTED.** Mail coupon for free book now.



Write Today-NOW!

CORTINA Academy (Established in 1882)
Dept. 461, 105 W. 40th St., New York 18, N. Y.

Please send me — without obligation — your free book. I am interested in (check)

☐ SPANISH ☐ French ☐ Italian ☐ German

Name

Address

City State



"They warned me these Mercury Mysteries would glue me to my chair."

Look for a new Mercury Mystery on the 1st of every month. Each is a reprint of a top-notch mystery. Usually abridged for maximum reading pleasure.

AT YOUR NEWSSTAND **25¢**

Mercury Mystery

MEANS "TOPS" IN

THE AMERICAN MERCURY, INC.
570 Lexington Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

Send me your *Mercury Mystery* each month for one year — twelve books. I enclose \$3.00.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY NO. STATE

AM 1-46

Fight INFANTILE PARALYSIS

March of Dimes Appeal
January 14 to 31

CLOTHES for COURAGE!

ROUND up all the clothing, shoes and bedding you can spare. Give them to the VICTORY CLOTHING COLLECTION for overseas relief.



LANGUAGE IS POWER

... Forge ahead, win special assignments, promotion, better job in global peace time opportunities through ability to speak a foreign language.

MASTER A NEW LANGUAGE

quickly, easily, correctly by

LINGUAPHONE

The world-famous Linguaphone Conversational Method brings voices of native teachers INTO YOUR OWN HOME. You learn the new language by LISTENING. It's amazingly simple; thousands have succeeded.

HOME-STUDY COURSES IN 29 LANGUAGES

Send for FREE book —

LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE

71 RCA Bldg., New York 20 • Circle 7-0830

LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE,
71 RCA Bldg., New York 20, N. Y.

Send me the FREE Linguaphone Book.

Name

Address

City

Language Interested

CHECK LIST

(Continued from page 120)

THE PET SHOP, by Gustav Eckstein. \$2.00. *Harper*. Dr. Eckstein once wrote of himself: "Studied medicine, learned not much; read two or three men, learned a little; came to know two or three women, learned a good deal; made friends with two rats, learned prodigiously." And much of that combined learning has gone into this two-act play summarizing the events of the past decade. The great nations are symbolized by the larger animals in the pet shop whose peace is disrupted by a quarrelsome monkey; the little peoples are the mice, guinea pigs and canaries who first disregard and then fearfully await impending disaster; the beautiful bird of paradise raises her voice of hope and faith to guide all who will but listen. An unusually effective parable.

GLORY FOR ME, by MacKinlay Kantor. \$2.50. *Coward-McCann*. This novel in verse tells the story of three discharged combat veterans coming home and finding drastic readjustments necessary. The rather spotty blank verse does not succeed as poetry, but is useful in concealing the thinness of the narrative. The whole is too neatly contrived to have much value.

FOR THEE THE BEST, by Mark Aldanov. \$2.50. *Scribner's*. Against the background of restless post-Napoleonic Europe, Mr. Aldanov portrays, with high sensitivity, Byron's last tragic years. The Byron who emerges is not the dashing, romantic poet — but the disappointed lover, disillusioned in the people around him, desperate in his desire to find a truly purposeful life. In quest of change and in the cause of liberty, he joins the Carbonari — the Italian underground society plotting the liberation of Greece from the Turks. Soon revolted by the petty vanities, personal dislikes, plots and counterplots that motivate his fellow conspirators, he becomes a driven, cynical figure who finally leaves Italy on the expedition which culminates in his lonely death at Missolonghi. An absorbing story, translated from the Russian by Nicholas Wreden.

When Only
The
Finest
Will Do

Since
1857



Dunbar's

Blended

CANADIAN WHISKEY

90.4 PROOF

Imported by H. HARVEY CO., LTD.

Baltimore, Maryland

it's an **INTELLECTUAL GAME**

Perhaps that is the reason for the tremendous vogue of the detective story. Perhaps that is why an appetite for mystery-fiction is no longer a reflection on literary taste. There has emerged a type of reader recognized by the trade as an intelligent, selective mystery fan.



Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine is edited for just that kind of mystery fan. Brilliant and scintillating, it challenges at the same time that it entertains.

It would not be possible to publish such a magazine entirely of new material. Masterpieces occur too seldom to maintain by current new material, its high standard of excellence. But ELLERY QUEEN is not only an outstanding producer of detective fiction; he is also, perhaps, the leading collector of them. Out of his all-inclusive library, he selects the best and puts them together into a monthly magazine.

Here you will find not only the acknowledged masters in their field — Dashiell Hammett, Agatha Christie, John Dickson Carr, Cornell Woolrich, Dorothy L. Sayers, Georges Simenon,

Percival Wilde, and the rest; you will also find the forays into the mystery field by writers famed for far different endeavors — Somerset Maugham, Christopher Morley, Mark Twain, O. Henry, H. G. Wells, Theodore Dreiser, James Hilton, G. K. Chesterton, and many others.

Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine is the same convenient size as The American Mercury. It is well printed on a good grade of book paper. It averages 128 pages — many hours of absorbing reading.

This is good fiction, measured by any standard. It is ideal to carry in a pocket and read in a train. It *would* be ideal for the guest room, except that it interferes with sleeping.

It is yours for a full year — twelve issues — for \$3.00.

ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE

570 Lexington Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

Send me **ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE**. I enclose { ☐ \$3.00 for one year
☐ \$5.00 for two years

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ NO. _____ STATE _____

AMI-46

Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine Is Now Published EVERY MONTH Instead of Bi-Monthly

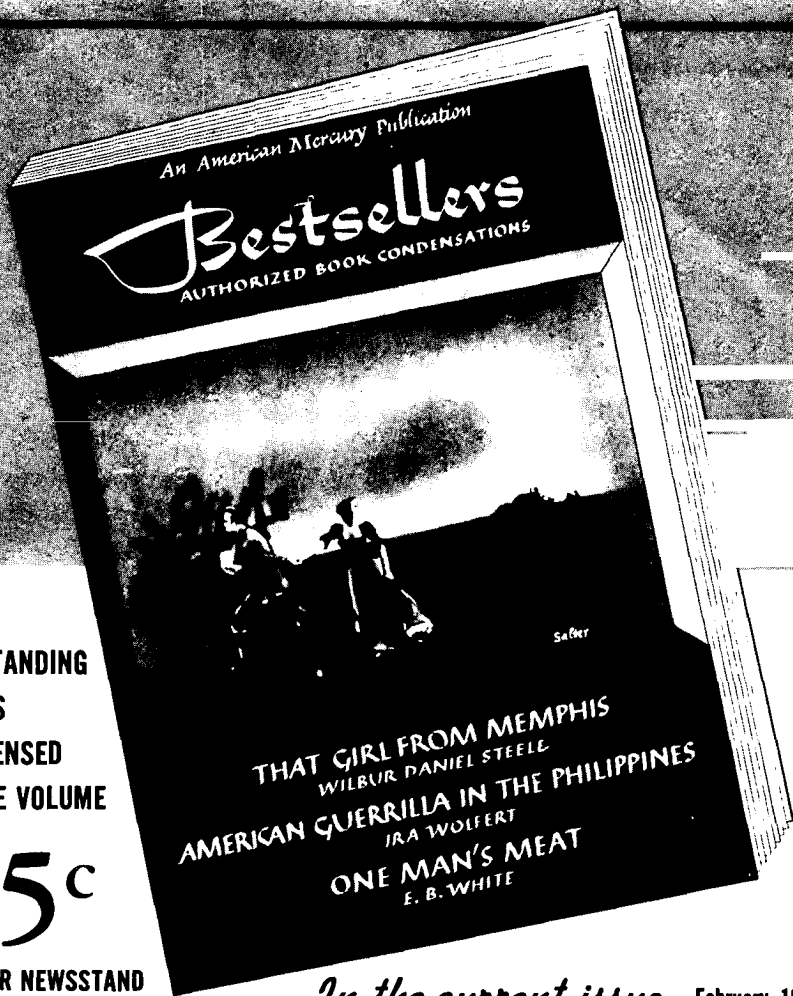
THREE
OUTSTANDING
BOOKS
CONDENSED
IN ONE VOLUME

25^c

AT YOUR NEWSSTAND

ENJOY hours of good reading with "Bestsellers" — the new magazine published every other month. Each issue contains skillful condensations of three fiction or non-fiction favorites. Handy pocket size. Buy a copy today at your newsstand — 25¢.

BY SUBSCRIPTION: \$1.50 A YEAR. "Bestsellers" is published every other month—six times a year. Enjoy the convenience of door-step delivery . . . be sure of getting every issue . . . by sending your subscription to "Bestsellers," 570 Lexington Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. (In Canada: \$1.75. No foreign subscriptions accepted.)



In the current issue — February, 1946

THAT GIRL FROM MEMPHIS, Wilbur Daniel Steele

"Not only a national bestseller, but a robust portrait of American civilization in the making. An extraordinarily readable book." Orville Prescott, *New York Times*.

AMERICAN GUERRILLA IN THE PHILIPPINES, Ira Wolfert

"A tale of absorbing suspense, full of strange information, sometimes grim, frequently dryly humorous. One of the best personal adventure stories the war has produced." Clifton Fadiman, *Book-of-the-Month Club News*.

ONE MAN'S MEAT, E. B. White

(Recently awarded the Gold Medal of the Limited Editions Club as the book "most likely to attain the status of a classic.")

"Humorous, wise and beautiful. And unless I am very much mistaken, it will be everybody's meat . . . Wisdom, poetry and laughter are united." Irwin Edman, *N. Y. Herald Tribune Books*.

PRODUCED BY JAZZ
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One of the
Treasures
of time

HARWOOD'S

Blended
CANADIAN WHISKY

90.4 Proof

Sole UNITED STATES Importers

R. C. WILLIAMS & CO., Inc., NEW YORK, N. Y.

